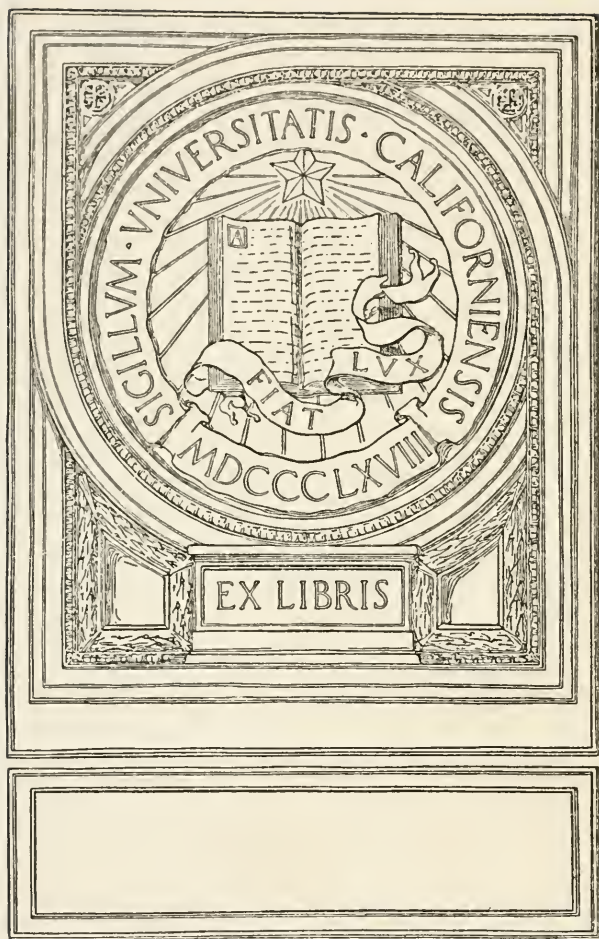


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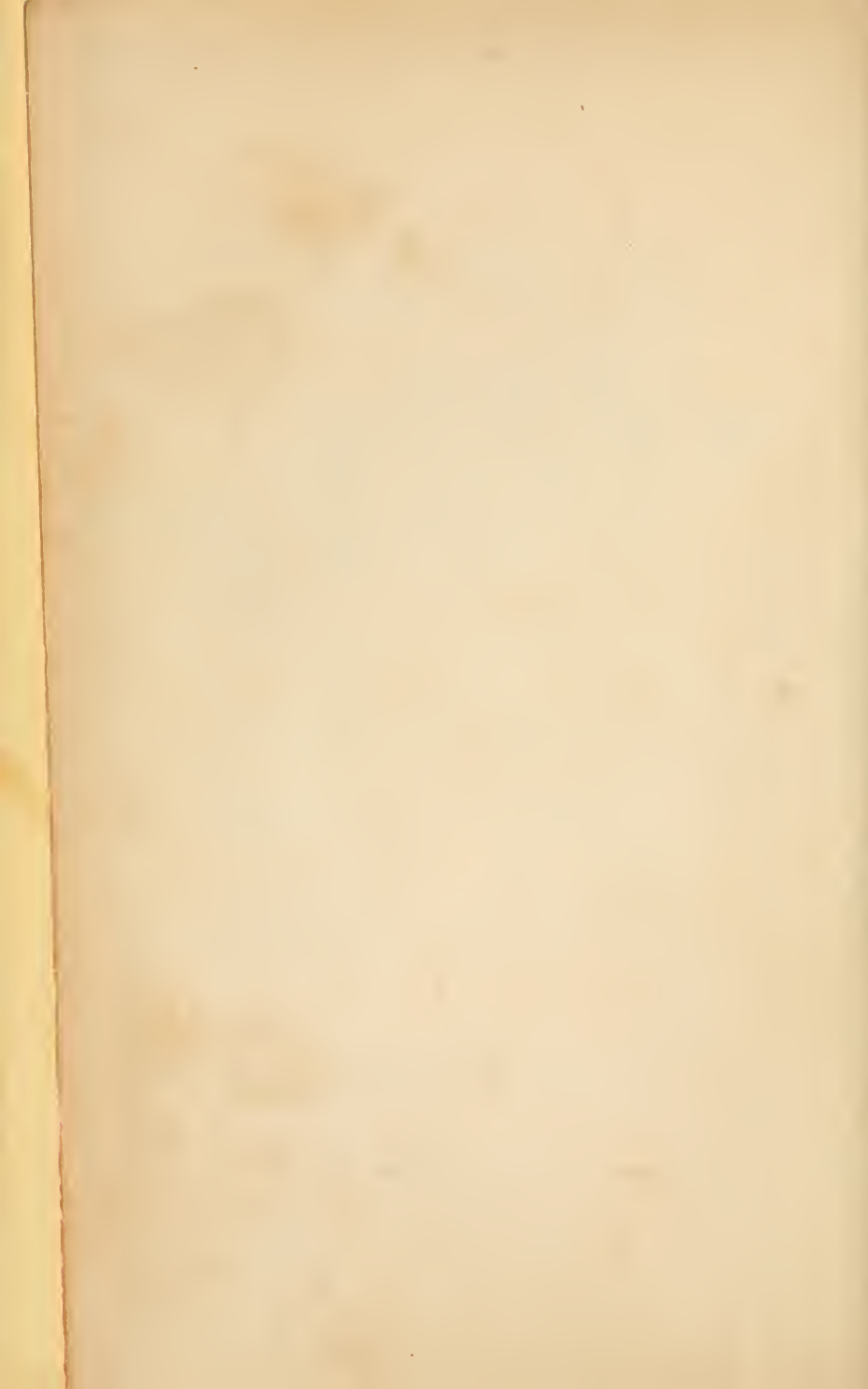


.. Presented to..

.. My Wife Eliza S. Fogg..

.. E. Limington. Me.. Nov. 19. 1852

.. B. Fogg..









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1857



NEW YORK,

W. BENTON & CO. 200 BROADWAY.

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE

THE GIFT

11

FOR ALL SEASONS.

THE GIFT
FOR ALL SEASONS.
A LITTLE BOOK OF
POETRY AND PROSE
FOR THE YOUNG
AND THE OLD.

ILLUSTRATED BY TEN STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

NEW-YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
200 BROADWAY
M.DCCC.LIII.

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THE MUSE
OF THE
MUSEUM OF
ARTS AND
CRAFTS

PREFACE.

IN the new volume now offered to the reading public, the editor has the pleasure of presenting some of the finest productions of the popular writers of the present day—writers who are now in the field, actuated by the impulses of the present stirring age, and keeping up to the present high standard of moral and artistical merit required in works of fiction, even of the lighter and livelier description.

In the choice and arrangement of materials for the volume, it has been the editor's aim to exhibit a great variety of subjects and of styles, so as to render the contents of the volume "ever pleasing ever new."

The embellishments are engraved in the

best style of art, from designs of the ablest artists.

To some persons the preparation of books of the class to which this volume belongs, may seem a very humble and trivial occupation : but it has an important use. Diffused among a numerous class of readers in the higher ranks of society, these tasteful and elegant volumes are generally read for amusement solely. But where, as in the instance of the *Rose*, it has been the editor's aim to mingle with entertainment, a large amount of instruction in moral virtue and the conduct of life, the reader who has taken up the volume merely to amuse an idle hour, often lays it down with the consciousness that he has learnt lessons which will serve to direct his course in many of the relations of life, and which may exert a salutary influence on his whole future existence.

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THE MORNING WALK.

BY HENRY VAUGHAN—1695.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil give thy soul leave
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun ;
Give him thy first thoughts, then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
Dawn with the day : there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good
After sun rising ; far day sullies flowers ;
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
And Heaven's gate opens when the world is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures ; note the hush
And whispering among them. Not a sprig
Or leaf but hath its morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I Am — Canst thou not sing ?

Oh leave thy cares and follies ! go this way,
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let Him not go
 Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
 The whole unto Him, and remember who
 Prevailed by wrestling, ere the sun did shine.
 Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
 Then journey on, and have an eye to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries, the first world's youth,
 Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
 Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light,
 truth,
 Is styled their star, the stone and hidden food :
 Three blessings rest upon them, one of which
 Should move — they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
 Keep well thy temper, mix not with each day ;
 Dispatch necessities ; life hath a load
 Which must be carried on, and safely may ;
 Yet keep those cares without thee ; let thy heart
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

THE GROUND-ASH.

AMONGST the many pleasant circumstances attendant on a love of flowers — that sort of love which leads us into the woods for the earliest primrose, or to the river side for the latest forget-me-not, and carries us to the parching heath or the watery mere to procure for the cultivated, or, if I may use the expression, the *tame* beauties of the parterre, the soil that they love ; amongst the many gratifications which such pursuits bring with them, such as seeing in the seasons in which it shows best, the prettiest, coyest, most unhackneyed scenery, and taking, with just motive enough for stimulus and for reward, drives and walks which approach to fatigue, without being fatigued ; amongst all the delights consequent on a love of flowers, I know none greater than the half unconscious and wholly unintended manner in which such expedi-

tions make us acquainted with the peasant children of remote and out-of-the-way regions, the inhabitants of the wild woodlands and still wilder commons of the hilly part of the north of Hampshire, which forms so strong a contrast with this sunny and populous county of Berks, whose very fields are gay and neat as gardens, and whose roads are as level and even as a gravel walk.

Two of the most interesting of these flower-formed acquaintances, were my little friends Harry and Bessy Leigh.

Every year I go to the Everley woods to gather wild lilies of the valley. It is one of the delights that May—the charming, ay, and the merry month of May, which I love as fondly as ever that bright and joyous season was loved by our older poets—regularly brings in her train; one of those rational pleasures in which (and it is the great point of superiority over pleasures that are artificial and worldly) there is no disappointment. About four years ago, I made such a visit. The day was glorious, and we had driven through lanes perfumed by the fresh green birch, with its bark silvery and many-tinted, and over commons where the very air was loaded with the heavy fragrance

of the furze, an odor resembling in richness its golden blossoms, just as the scent of the birch is cool, refreshing, and penetrating, like the exquisite color of its young leaves, until we reached the top of the hill, where, on one side, the inclosed wood, where the lilies grow, sank gradually, in an amphitheatre of natural terraces, to a piece of water at the bottom ; whilst on the other, the wild open heath formed a sort of promontory overhanging a steep ravine, through which a slow and sluggish stream crept along amongst stunted alders, until it was lost in the deep recesses of Lidhurst Forest, over the tall trees of which we literally looked down. We had come without a servant ; and on arriving at the gate of the wood with neither human figure nor human habitation in sight, and a high-blooded and high-spirited horse in the phae-ton, we began to feel all the awkwardness of our situation. My companion, however, at length espied a thin wreath of smoke issuing from a small clay-built hut thatched with furze, built against the steepest part of the hill, of which it seemed a mere excrescence, about half-way down the declivity ; and, on calling aloud, two children, who had been picking up dry stumps of heath and gorse,

and collecting them in a heap for fuel at the door of their hovel, first carefully deposited their little load, and then came running to know what we wanted.

If we had wondered to see human beings living in a habitation, which, both for space and appearance, would have been despised by a pig of any pretension, as too small and too mean for his accommodation, so we were again surprised at the strange union of poverty and content evinced by the apparel and countenances of its young inmates. The children, bareheaded and barefooted, and with little more clothing than one shabby-looking garment, were yet as fine, sturdy, hardy, ruddy, sunburnt urchins, as one should see on a summer day. They were clean, too: the stunted bit of raiment was patched, but not ragged; and when the girl (for, although it was rather difficult to distinguish between the brother and sister, the pair were of different sexes), when the bright-eyed, square-made, upright little damsel clasped her two brown hands together, on the top of her head, pressed down her thick curls, looking at us and listening to us with an air of the most intelligent attention that returned our curiosity with interest; and when the boy, in

answer to our inquiry, if he could hold a horse, clutched the reins with his small fingers, and planted himself beside our high-mettled steed with an air of firm determination, that seemed to say, "I'm your master ! Run away if you dare !" we both of us felt that they were subjects for a picture, and that, though Sir Joshua might not have painted them, Gainsborough and our own Collins would.

But besides their exceeding picturesqueness, the evident content, and helpfulness, and industry of these little creatures was delightful to look at and to think of. In conversation they were at once very civil and respectful (Bessy dropping her little curtsy, and Harry putting his hand to the lock of hair where the hat should have been, at every sentence they uttered), and perfectly frank and unfeeling. In answer to our questions, they told us that "Father was a broom-maker, from the low country ; that he had come to these parts and married mother, and built their cottage, because houses were so scarce hereabouts, and because of its convenience to the heath ; that they had done very well till the last winter, when poor father had had the fever for five months, and they had had

much ado to get on ; but that father was brave again now, and was building *another house* (house !!) larger and finer, upon Squire Benson's lands : the squire had promised them a garden from the waste, and mother hoped to keep a pig. They were trying to get all the money they could to buy the pig : and what his honor had promised them for holding the horse, was all to be given to mother for that purpose."

It was impossible not to be charmed with these children. We went again and again to the Everley wood, partly to gather lilies, partly to rejoice in the trees with their young leaves so beautiful in texture as well as in color, but chiefly to indulge ourselves in the pleasure of talking to the children, of adding something to their scanty stock of clothing (Bessy ran as fast as her feet could carry her to the clear pool at the bottom of the wood, to look at herself in her new bonnet), and of assisting in the accumulations of the Grand Pig Savings' Bank, by engaging Harry to hold the horse, and Bessy to help fill the lily basket.

This employment, by showing that the lilies had a money value, put a new branch of traffic into the heads of these thoughtful children, already ac-

customed to gather heath for their father's brooms, and to collect the dead furze which served as fuel to the family. After gaining permission of the farmer who rented the wood, and ascertaining that we had no objection, they set about making nose-gays of the flowers, and collecting the roots for sale, and actually stood two Saturdays in Belford market (the smallest merchant of a surety that ever appeared in that rural Exchange) to dispose of their wares; having obtained a cart in a wagon there and back, and carrying home faithfully every penny of their gainings, to deposit in the common stock.

The next year we lost sight of them. No smoke issued from the small chimney by the hill-side. The hut itself was half demolished by wind and weather; its tenants had emigrated to the new house on Squire Benson's land; and after two or three attempts to understand and to follow the directions as to the spot given us by the good farmer at Everley, we were forced to give up the search.

Accident, the great discoverer and recoverer of lost goods, at last restored to us these good little children. It happened as follows:—

In new potting some large hydrangeas, we were

seized with a desire to give the blue tinge to the petals, which so greatly improves the beauty of that fine bold flower, and which is so desirable when they are placed, as these were destined to be, in the midst of red and pink blossoms, fuchsias, salvias, and geraniums. Accordingly, we sallied forth to a place called the Moss, a wild tract of moorland lying about a mile to the right of the road to Everley, and famous for the red bog, produced, I presume, by chalybeate springs, which, when mixed with the fine Bagshot silver sand, is so effectual in changing the color of flowers.

It was a bleak gusty day in February, raining by fits, but not with sufficient violence to deter me from an expedition to which I had taken a fancy. Putting up, therefore, the head and apron of the phaeton, and followed by one lad (the shrewd boy Dick) on horseback, and another (John, the steady gardening youth) in a cart laden with tubs and sacks, spades and watering-pots, to procure and contain the bog mould (for we were prudently determined to provide for all emergencies, and to carry with us fit receptacles to receive our treasure, whether it presented itself in the form of red earth or of red mud), our little procession set forth early in

the afternoon, towards the wildest and most dreary piece of scenery that I have ever met with in this part of the country.

Wild and dreary of a truth was the Moss, and the stormy sky, the moaning wind, and the occasional gushes of driving rain, suited well with the dark and cheerless region into which we had entered by a road, if a rude cart-track may be so called, such as shall seldom be encountered in this land of Macadamization. And yet, partly perhaps from their novelty, the wild day and the wild scenery had for me a strange and thrilling charm. The ground, covered with the sea-green moss, whence it derived its name, mingled in the higher parts with brown patches of heather, and dark bushes of stunted furze, was broken with deep hollows full of stagnant water; some almost black, others covered with the rusty scum which denoted the presence of the powerful mineral, upon whose agency we relied for performing that strange piece of natural magic which may almost be called the transmutation of flowers.

Towards the ruddiest of these pools, situated in a deep glen, our active coadjutors, leaving phaeton, cart, and horses, on the brow of the hill, began roll-

ing and tossing the several tubs, buckets, watering-pots, sacks, and spades, which were destined for the removal and conveyance of the much coveted bog ; we followed, amused and pleased, as, in certain moods, physical and mental, people are pleased and amused at self-imposed difficulties, down the abrupt and broken descent ; and for some time the process of digging among the mould at the edge of the bank went steadily on.

In a few minutes, however, Dick, whose quick and restless eye was never long bent on any single object, most of all when that object presented itself in the form of work, exclaimed to his comrade,

“Look at those children wandering about amongst the firs, like the babes in the wood in the old ballad. What can they be about ?” And looking in the direction to which he pointed, we saw, amidst the gloomy fir plantations, which formed a dark and massive border nearly round the Moss, our old friends Harry and Bessy Leigh, collecting, as it seemed, the fir cones with which the ground was strewn, and depositing them carefully in a large basket.

A manful shout from my companion soon brought the children to our side—good, busy, cheerful, and

healthy-looking as ever, and marvellously improved in the matter of equipment. Harry had been promoted to a cap, which added the grace of a flourish to his brow; Bessy had added the luxury of a pinafore to her nondescript garments; and both pairs of little feet were advanced to the certain dignity, although somewhat equivocal comfort, of shoes and stockings.

The world had gone well with them, and with their parents. The house was built. Upon remounting the hill, and advancing a little farther into the centre of the Moss, we saw the comfortable low-browed cottage full of light and shadow, of juttings out, and corners and angles of every sort and description, with a garden stretching along the side, backed and sheltered by the tall impenetrable plantation, a wall of trees, against whose dark masses a wreath of light smoke was curling, whose fragrance seemed really to perfume the winter air. The pig had been bought, fattened, and killed; but other pigs were inhabiting the sty, almost as large as their former dwelling, which stood at the end of their garden; and the children told with honest joy how all this prosperity had come about. Their father, taking some brooms to my kind

friend Lady Denys, had seen some of the ornamental baskets used for flowers upon a lawn, and had been struck with the fancy of trying to make some, decorated with fir cones; and he had been so successful in this profitable manufacture, that he had had more orders than he could execute. Lady Denys had also, with characteristic benevolence, put the children to her Sunday-school. One misfortune had a little overshadowed the sunshine. Squire Benson had died, and the consent to the erection of the cottage being only verbal, the attorney who managed for the infant heir, a ward in Chancery, had claimed the property. But the matter had been compromised upon the payment of such a rent as the present prospects of the family would fairly allow. Besides collecting fir cones for the baskets, they picked up all they could in that pine forest (for it was little less), and sold such as were discolored, or otherwise unfit for working up, to Lady Denys and other persons who liked the fine aromatic odor of these the pleasantest of pastilles, in their dressing-room or drawing-room fires. "Did I like the smell? We had a cart there—might they bring us a hamper full?" And it was with great difficulty that a trifling pre-

sent (for we did not think of offering money as *payment*) could be forced upon the grateful children. “We,” they said, “had been their first friends.” For what very small assistance the poor are often deeply, permanently thankful ! Well says the great poet—

“I’ve heard of hearts unkind, good deeds
With ill deeds still returning ;
Alas, the gratitude of man
Hath oftener left me mourning !”

WORDSWORTH.

Again for above a year we lost sight of our little favorites, for such they were with both of us ; though absence, indisposition, business, company—engagements, in short, of many sorts—combined to keep us from the Moss for upwards of a twelvemonth. Early in the succeeding April, however, it happened that, discussing with some morning visitors the course of a beautiful winding brook (one of the tributaries to the Loddon, which bright and brimming river has nearly as many sources as the Nile), one of them observed that the well-head was in Lanson Wood, and that it was a bit of scenery more like the burns of the North Countrie (my

visitor was a Northumbrian) than any thing he had seen in the south. Surely I had seen it? I was half ashamed to confess that I had not—(how often are we obliged to confess that we have not seen the beauties which lie close to our doors, too near for observation?)—and the next day proving fine, I determined to repair my omission.

It was a soft and balmy April morning, just at that point of the flowery spring when violets and primroses are lingering under the northern hedges, and cowslips and orchises peeping out upon the sunny banks. My driver was the clever, shrewd, arch boy Dick; and the first part of our way lay along the green winding lanes which lead to Everley; we then turned to the left, and putting up our phaeton at a small farm-house, where my attendant (who found acquaintances every where) was intimate, we proceeded to the wood; Dick accompanying me, carrying my flower-basket, opening the gates, and taking care of my dog Dash, a very beautiful thorough-bred Old English spaniel, who was a little apt, when he got into a wood, to run after the game, and forget to come out again.

I have seldom seen any thing in woodland scenery more picturesque and attractive than the

old coppice of Lanton, on that soft and balmy April morning. The underwood was nearly cut, and bundles of long split poles for hooping barrels were piled together against the tall oak trees, bursting with their sap; whilst piles of faggots were built up in other parts of the copse, and one or two saw-pits, with light open sheds erected over them, whence issued the measured sound of the saw and the occasional voices of the workmen, almost concealed by their subterranean position, were placed in the hollows. At the far side of the coppice, the operation of hewing down the underwood was still proceeding, and the sharp strokes of the axe and the bill, softened by distance, came across the monotonous jar of the never-ceasing saw.

The surface of the ground was prettily tumbled about, comprehending as pleasant a variety of hill and dale as could well be comprised in some thirty acres. It declined, however, generally speaking, towards the centre of the coppice, along which a small, very small rivulet, scarcely more than a runlet, wound its way in a thousand graceful meanders. Tracking upward the course of the little stream, we soon arrived at that which had been the osten-

sible object of our drive—the spot whence it sprung.

It was a steep irregular acclivity on the highest side of the wood, a mound, I had almost said a rock, of earth, cloven in two about the middle, but with so narrow a fissure that the brushwood which grew on either side nearly filled up the opening, so that the source of the spring still remained concealed, although the rapid gushing of the water made a pleasant music in that pleasant place; and here and there a sunbeam, striking upon the sparkling stream, shone with a bright and glancing light amidst the dark ivies, and brambles, and mossy stumps of trees, that grew around.

This mound had apparently been cut a year or two ago, so that it presented an appearance of mingled wildness and gayety, that contrasted very agreeably with the rest of the coppice; whose trodden-down flowers I had grieved over, even whilst admiring the picturesque effect of the woodcutters and their several operations. Here, however, reigned the flowery spring in all her glory. Violets, pansies, orchises, oxslips, the elegant wood-sorrel, the delicate wood anemone, and the enamelled wild hyacinth, were sprinkled profusely

amongst the mosses, and lichens, and dead leaves, which formed so rich a carpet beneath our feet. Primroses, above all, were there of almost every hue, from the rare and pearly white, to the deepest pinkish purple, colored by some diversity of soil, the pretty freak of nature's gardening; whilst the common yellow blossom—commonest and prettiest of all—peeped out from amongst the boughs in the stump of an old willow, like (to borrow the simile of a dear friend, now no more) a canary bird from its cage. The wild geranium was already showing its pink stem and scarlet-edged leaves, themselves almost gorgeous enough to pass for flowers; the periwinkle, with its wreaths of shining foliage, was hanging in garlands over the precipitous descent; and the lily of the valley, the fragrant woodroof, and the silvery wild garlick, were just peeping from the earth in the most sheltered nooks. Charmed to find myself surrounded by so much beauty, I had scrambled, with much ado, to the top of the woody cliff (no other word can convey an idea of its precipitous abruptness), and was vainly attempting to trace by my eye the actual course of the spring, which was, by the clearest evidence of sound, gushing from

the fount many feet below me ; when a peculiar whistle of delight (for whistling was to Dick, although no ordinary proficient in our common tongue, another language), and a tremendous scrambling amongst the bushes, gave token that my faithful attendant had met with something as agreeable to his fancy, as the primroses and orchises had proved to mine.

Guided by a repetition of the whistle, I soon saw my trusty adherent spanning the chasm like a Colossus, one foot on one bank, the other on the opposite—each of which appeared to me to be resting, so to say, on nothing—tugging away at a long twig that grew on the brink of the precipice, and exceedingly likely to resolve the inquiry as to the source of the Loddon, by plumping souse into the fountain-head. I, of course, called out to warn him ; and he equally, of course, went on with his labor, without paying the slightest attention to my caution. On the contrary, having possessed himself of one straight slender twig, which, to my great astonishment, he wound round his fingers, and deposited in his pocket, as one should do by á bit of pack-thread, he apparently, during the operation, caught sight of another. Testifying his delight by

a second whistle, which, having his knife in his mouth, one wonders how he could accomplish ; and scrambling with the fearless daring of a monkey up the perpendicular bank, supported by strings of ivy, or ledges of roots, and clinging by hand and foot to the frail bramble or the slippery moss, leaping like a squirrel from bough to bough, and yet, by happy boldness, escaping all danger, he attained his object as easily as if he had been upon level ground. Three, four, five times was the knowing, joyous, triumphant whistle sounded, and every time with a fresh peril and a fresh escape. At last, the young gentleman, panting and breathless, stood at my side, and I began to question him as to the treasure he had been pursuing.

“It’s the ground-ash, ma’am,” responded master Dick, taking one of the coils from his pocket ; “the best riding-switch in the world. All the whips that ever were made are nothing to it. Only see how strong it is, how light, and how supple ! You may twist it a thousand ways without breaking. It won’t break, do what you will. Each of these, now, is worth half-a-crown or three shillings, for they are the scarcest things possible. They grow up at a little distance from the root of

an old tree, like a sucker from a rose-bush. Great luck, indeed!" continued Dick, putting up his treasure with another joyful whistle; "it was but t'other day that Jack Barlow offered me half-a-guinea for four, if I could but come by them. I shall certainly keep the best, though, for myself—unless, ma'am, you would be pleased to accept it for the purpose of whipping Dash." Whipping Dash!!! Well have I said that Dick was as saucy as a lady's page or a king's jester. Talk of whipping Dash! Why, the young gentleman knew perfectly well that I had rather be whipt myself twenty times over. The very sound seemed a profanation. Whip my Dash! Of course I read master Dick a lecture for this irreverent mention of my pet, who, poor fellow, hearing his name called in question, came up in all innocence to fondle me; to which grave remonstrance the hopeful youth replied by another whistle, half of penitence, half of amusement.

These discourses brought us to the bottom of the mound, and turning round a clump of hawthorn and holly, we espied a little damsel with a basket at her side, and a large knife in her hand, carefully digging up a large root of white prim-

roses, and immediately recognized my old acquaintance, Bessy Leigh.

She was, as before, clean, and healthy, and tidy, and unaffectedly glad to see me ; but the joyousness and buoyancy which had made so much of her original charm, were greatly diminished. It was clear that poor Bessy had suffered worse griefs than those of cold and hunger ; and upon questioning her, so it turned out.

Her father had died, and her mother had been ill, and the long hard winter had been hard to get through ; and then the rent had come upon her, and the steward (for the young gentleman himself was a minor) had threatened to turn them out if it were not paid to a day—the very next day after that on which we were speaking ; and her mother had been afraid they must go to the workhouse, which would have been a sad thing, because now she had got so much washing to do, and Harry was so clever at basket-making, that there was every chance, this rent once paid, of their getting on comfortably. “ And the rent will be paid now, ma’am, thank God !” added Bessy, her sweet face brightening ; “ for we want only a guinea of the whole sum, and Lady Denys has employed me to

get scarce wild-flowers for her wood, and has promised me half-a-guinea for what I have carried her, and this last parcel, which I am to take to the lodge to-night; and Mr. John Barlow, her groom, has offered Harry twelve and sixpence for five ground-ashes that Harry has been so lucky as to find by the spring, and Harry is gone to cut them: so that now we shall get on bravely, and mother need not fret any longer. I hope no harm will befall Harry in getting the ground-ash, though, for it's a noted dangerous place. But he's a careful boy."

Just at this point of her little speech, poor Bessy was interrupted by her brother, who ran down the declivity exclaiming, "They're gone, Bessy! — they're gone! somebody has taken them! the ground-ashes are gone!"

Dick put his hand irresolutely to his pocket, and then, uttering a dismal whistle, pulled it resolutely out again, with a hardness, or an affectation of hardness, common to all lads from the prince to the stable-boy.

I also put my hand into my pocket, and found, with the deep disappointment which often punishes such carelessness, that I had left my purse at home.

All that I could do, therefore, was to bid the poor children be comforted, and ascertain at what time Bessy intended to take her roots, which in the midst of her distress she continued to dig up, to my excellent friend Lady Denys. I then, exhorting them to hope the best, made my way quickly out of the wood.

Arriving at the gate, I missed my attendant. Before, however, I had reached the farm at which we had left our phaeton, I heard his gayest and most triumphant whistle behind me. Thinking of the poor children, it jarred upon my feelings. "Where have you been loitering, sir?" I asked, in a sterner voice than he had probably ever heard from me before.

"Where have I been?" replied he; "giving little Harry the ground-ashes, to be sure: I felt just as if I had stolen them. And now, I do believe," continued he, with a prodigious burst of whistling, which seemed to me as melodious as the song of the nightingale, "I do believe," quoth Dick, "that I am happier than they are. I would not have kept those ground-ashes, no, not for fifty pounds!"

SEA, EARTH, AND HEAVEN.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

I.

LONG fathoms down beneath the deep,
To know how many corpses sweep
With streaming hair,—each one alone,
By billow rock'd or tempest strown,
 Tossing for ever;
Where the land-breeze sounds no sigh,
Where the redden'd corals lie,
Upon whose summits peak'd and high
 The doom'd barks shiver;
Oh, Sea! it is a fearful thing!—
To hear the birds above thee sing,
Yet know how many a hope is furl'd
That flew beyond thy watery world
 To the tropic's glow!
Or, northward plumed, the storm defying,
Still the outworn pinion plying
Towards some cold land where love undying
 Should melt the snow!

II.

To know, on every shore we tread,
That some to stranger-graves are led,
And deem—poor joy!—the grass grows best
Where never loving foot hath press'd

In sorrow's crushing ;

By East,—by West,—far isles away,
To wist not where Death next may lay
His icy touch,—till none i' the clay

Hears the heart rushing !

Oh, Earth ! it is a thing of woe !—
To feel sweet gales around thee blow,
Yet know that there be some who ne'er
Shall feel again that breathsome air,

Joyful or sad ;

Ne'er mark again the hues that streak
Thy nighted brow or sunbright cheek :
Dear Earth !—dear Earth ! the thought to speak
Makes the heart mad !

III.

To know there is a land far off,
Beyond the doubter's, scorner's scoff,
Too high for mortal bliss to deem—
Out of the region of all dream,

Where not a pang

Shall wring the pulse that maddens here ;
Where there are joys that ask no tear,
And sorrow's serpent ne'er shall rear

Its poison-fang ;

Oh, Heaven! it is a blessed thing!—
To wait yon trumpet's summoning,
When, life's fierce battle lost and won,
That peal shall shake the steadfast sun!

And all shall meet
Where His great way the angels keep,
Who "giveth his beloved sleep"—
Where is nor grave, nor storm, nor deep—
At God's own feet!

THE POOR.

“ **H**AVE pity on them, for their life
Is full of grief and care ;
You do not know one half the woes
The very poor must bear ;
You do not see the silent tears,
By many a mother shed,
As childhood offers up the prayer
‘Give us our daily bread.’ ”

THE LOST DAHLIA.

IF to have “had losses” be, as affirmed by Dogberry in one of Shakspeare’s most charming plays, and corroborated by Sir Walter Scott in one of his most charming romances—(those two names do well in juxtaposition, the great Englishman! the great Scotsman!)—If to have “had losses” be a main proof of credit and respectability, then am I one of the most responsible persons in the whole county of Berks. To say nothing of the graver matters which figure in a banker’s book, and make, in these days of pounds, shillings, and pence, so large a part of the domestic tragedy of life—putting wholly aside all the grander transitions of property in house and land, of money on mortgage, and money in the funds—and yet I might put in my claim to no trifling amount of ill luck in that way also, if I had a mind to try my hand at a dis-

mal story)—counting for nought all weightier grievances, there is not a lady within twenty miles who can produce so large a list of small losses as my unfortunate self.

From the day when, a tiny damsel of some four years old, I first had a pocket-handkerchief to lose, down to this very night—I will not say how many years after—when, as I have just discovered, I have most certainly lost from my pocket the new cambric kerchief which I deposited therein a little before dinner, scarcely a week has passed without some part of my goods and chattels being returned missing. Gloves, muffs, parasols, reticules, have each of them a provoking knack of falling from my hands; boas glide from my neck, rings slip from my fingers, the bow has vanished from my cap, the veil from my bonnet, the sandal from my foot, the brooch from my collar, and the collar from my brooch. The trinket which I liked best, a jewelled pin, the first gift of a dear friend (luckily the friendship is not necessarily appended to the token), dropped from my shawl in the midst of the high road; and of shawls themselves there is no end to the loss. The two prettiest that I ever had in my life, one a splendid specimen of Glasgow manufacture—

a scarlet hardly to be distinguished from Cashmere, the other a lighter and cheaper fabric, white in the centre, with a delicate sprig, and a border harmoniously compounded of the deepest blue, the brightest orange, and the richest brown, disappeared in two successive summers and winters, in the very bloom of their novelty, from the folds of the phaeton, in which they had been deposited for safety—fairly blown overboard! If I left things about, they were lost. If I put them away, they were lost. They were lost in the drawers—they were lost out. And if for a miracle I had them safe under lock and key, why, then, I lost my keys! I was certainly the most unlucky person under the sun. If there was nothing else to lose, I was fain to lose myself—I mean my way; bewildered in these Aberleigh lanes of ours, or in the woodland recesses of the Penge, as if haunted by that fairy, Robin Goodfellow, who led Hermia and Helena such a dance in the Midsummer Night's Dream. Alas! that there should be no Fairies now-a-days, or rather no true believers in Fairies, to help us to bear the burthen of our own mortal carelessness.

It was not quite all carelessness, though! Some ill luck did mingle with a great deal of mismanage-

ment, as the "one poor happ'orth of bread" with the huge gallon of sack in the bill of which Poin picked Falstaff's pocket when he was asleep behind the arras. Things belonging to me, or things that I cared for, did contrive to get lost, without my having any hand in the matter. For instance, if out of the variety of "talking birds," starlings, jackdaws, and magpies, which my father delights to entertain, any one particularly diverting or accomplished, more than usually coaxing and mischievous, happened to attract my attention, and to pay me the compliment of following at my heels, or perching upon my shoulder, the gentleman was sure to hop off. My favorite mare, Pearl, the pretty docile creature, which draws my little phaeton, has such a talent for leaping, that she is no sooner turned out in either of our meadows, than she disappears. And Dash himself, paragon of spaniels, pet of pets, beauty of beauties, has only one shade of imperfection—would be thoroughly faultless, if it were not for a slight tendency to run away. He is regularly lost four or five times every winter, and has been oftener cried through the streets of Belford, and advertised in the county newspapers, than comports with a dog of his dig-

nity. Now, these mischances clearly belong to that class of accidents commonly called casualties, and are quite unconnected with any infirmity of temperament on my part. I cannot help Pearl's proficiency in jumping, nor Dash's propensity to wander through the country; neither had I any hand in the loss which has given its title to this paper, and which, after so much previous dallying, I am at length about to narrate.

The autumn before last, that is to say, above a year ago, the boast and glory of my little garden was a dahlia called the Phœbus. How it came there, nobody very distinctly knew, nor where it came from, nor how we came by it, nor how it came by its own most appropriate name. Neither the lad who tends our flowers, nor my father, the person chiefly concerned in procuring them, nor I myself, who more even than my father or John take delight and pride in their beauty, could recollect who gave us this most splendid plant, or who first instructed us as to the style and title by which it was known. Certes never was blossom fittier named. Regular as the sun's face in an almanac, it had a tint of golden scarlet, of ruddy yellow, which realized Shakspeare's gorgeous expression of

“flame colored.” The sky at sunset sometimes put on such a hue, or a fire at Christmas when it burns red as well as bright. The blossom was dazzling to look upon. It seemed as if there were light in the leaves, like that colored lamp of a flower, the Oriental Poppy. Phœbus was not too glorious a name for that dahlia. The Golden-haired Apollo might be proud of such an emblem. It was worthy of the god of day; a very Phœnix of floral beauty.

Every dahlia fancier who came into our garden, or who had an opportunity of seeing a bloom elsewhere; and, sooth to say, we were rather ostentatious in our display; John put it into stands, and jars, and baskets, and dishes; Dick stuck it into Dash’s collar, his own button-hole, and Pearl’s bridle; my father presented it to such lady visitors as he delighted to honor; and I, who have the habit of dangling a flower, generally a sweet one, caught myself more than once rejecting the spicy clove and the starry jessamine, the blossomed myrtle and the tuberose, my old fragrant favorites, for this scentless (but triumphant) beauty; every body who beheld the Phœbus begged for a plant or a cutting; and we, generous in our ostentation,

willing to redeem the vice by the virtue, promised as many plants and cuttings as we could reasonably imagine the root might be made to produce*—perhaps rather more; and half the dahlia growers round rejoiced over the glories of the gorgeous flower, and speculated, as the wont is now, upon seedling after seedling to the twentieth generation.

Alas for the vanity of human expectations! February came, the twenty-second of February, the very St. Valentine of dahlias, when the roots which have been buried in the ground during the winter are disinterred and placed in a hot-bed to put forth their first shoots previous to the grand operations of potting and dividing them. Of course, the first object of search in the choicest corner of the nicely-labelled hoard, was the Phœbus; but no Phœbus was forthcoming: root and label had vanished bodily! There was, to be sure, a dahlia without a label,

* It is wonderful how many plants may, by dint of forcing, and cutting, and forcing again, be extracted from one root. But the experiment is not always safe. Nature sometimes avenges herself for the encroachments of art, by weakening the progeny. The Napoleon Dahlia, for instance, the finest of last year's seedlings, being over-propagated, this season has hardly produced one perfect bloom, even in the hands of the most skilful cultivators.

which we would gladly have transformed into the missing treasure; but as we speedily discovered a label without a dahlia, it was but too obvious that they belonged to each other. Until last year we might have had plenty of the consolation which results from such divorces of the name from the thing; for our labels, sometimes written upon parchment, sometimes upon leather, sometimes upon wood, as each material happened to be recommended by gardening authorities, and fastened on with packthread, or whip-cord, or silk twist, had generally parted company from the roots, and frequently become utterly illegible, producing a state of confusion which most undoubtedly we never expected to regret; but this year we had followed the one perfect system of labels of unglazed china, highly varnished after writing on them, and fastened on by wire; and it had answered so completely, that one, and one only, had broken from its moorings. No hope could be gathered from that quarter. The Phœbus was gone. So much was clear; and our loss being fully ascertained, we all began, as the custom is, to divert our grief and exercise our ingenuity by different guesses as to the fate of the vanished treasure.

My father, although certain that he had written the label, and wired the root, had his misgivings about the place in which it had been deposited, and half suspected that it had slipt in amongst a basket which he had sent as a present to Ireland ; I myself, judging from a similar accident which had once happened to a choice hyacinth bulb, partly thought that one or other of us might have put it for care and safety in some such very snug corner, that it would be six months or more before it turned up ; John, impressed with a high notion of the money-value of the property, and estimating it something as a keeper of the regalia might estimate the most precious of the crown jewels, boldly affirmed that it was stolen ; and Dick, who had just had a *démêlé* with the cook, upon the score of her refusal to dress a beef-steak for a sick greyhound, asserted, between jest and earnest, that that hard-hearted official had either ignorantly or maliciously boiled the root for a Jerusalem artichoke, and that we, who stood lamenting over our regretted Phœbus, had actually eaten it, dished up with white sauce. John turned pale at the thought. The beautiful story of the Falcon, in Boccaccio, which the young knight killed to regale his mis-

tress, or the still more tragical history of Couci, who minced his rival's heart, and served it up to his wife, could not have affected him more deeply. We grieved over our lost dahlia, as if it had been a thing of life.

Grieving, however, would not repair our loss; and we determined, as the only chance of becoming again possessed of this beautiful flower, to visit, as soon as the dahlia season began, all the celebrated collections in the neighborhood, especially all those from which there was any chance of our having procured the root which had so mysteriously vanished.

Early in September, I set forth on my voyage of discovery—my voyages, I ought to say; for every day I and my pony-phaeton made our way to whatever garden within our reach bore a sufficiently high character to be suspected of harboring the good Dahlia Phœbus.

Monday we called at Lady A.'s; Tuesday at General B.'s; Wednesday at Sir John C.'s; Thursday at Mrs. D.'s; Friday at Lord E.'s; and Saturday at Mr. F.'s. We might as well have staid at home; not a Phœbus had they, or any thing like one.

We then visited the nurseries, from Browns, at Slough, a princely establishment, worthy of its regal neighborhood, to the pretty rural gardens at South Warnborough, not forgetting our own most intelligent and obliging nurseryman, Mr. Sutton of Reading—(Belford Regis, I mean)—whose collection of flowers of all sorts is amongst the most choice and select that I have ever known. Hundreds of magnificent blossoms did we see in our progress, but not the blossom we wanted.

There was no lack, heaven knows, of dahlias of the desired color. Besides a score of "Orange Perfections," bearing the names of their respective growers, we were introduced to four Princes of Orange, three Kings of Holland, two Williams the Third, and one Lord Roden.* We were even

* The nomenclature of dahlias is a curious sign of the times. It rivals in oddity that of the Racing Calendar. Next to the peerage, Shakspeare and Homer seem to be the chief sources whence they have derived their appellations. Thus we have Hectors and Diomedes of all colors, a very black Othello, and a very fair Desdemona. One beautiful blossom, which seems like a white ground thickly rouged with carmine, is called "the Honorable Mrs. Harris;" and it is droll to observe how punctiliously the working gardeners retain the dignified prefix in speaking of the flower. I heard the other day of a *serious* dahlia grower who had call-

shown a bloom called the Phœbus, about as like to our Phœbus, "as I to Hercules." But the true Phœbus, "the real Simon Pure," was as far to seek as ever.

Learnedly did I descant with the learned in dahlias over the merits of my lost beauty. "It was a cupped flower, Mr. Sutton," quoth I, to my agreeable and sympathizing listener; (gardeners *are* a most cultivated and gentlemanly race;) "a cupped dahlia, of the genuine metropolitan shape; large as the Criterion, regular as the Springfield Rival, perfect as Dodd's Mary, with a long bloom stalk like those good old flowers, the Countess of Liverpool and the Widnalls Perfection. And such a free blower, and so true! I am quite sure that there is not so good a dahlia this year. I prefer it to 'Corinne,' over and over." And Mr. Sutton

ed his seedlings after his favorite preachers, so that we shall have the Reverend Edward So-and-so, and the Reverend John Such-an-one, fraternizing with the profane Ariels and Imogenes, the Giaours and Medoras of the old catalogue. So much the better. Floriculture is amongst the most innocent and humanizing of all pleasures, and every thing which tends to diffuse such pursuits amongst those who have too few amusements, is a point gained for happiness and for virtue.

assented and condoled, and I was as near to being comforted as anybody could be, who had lost such a flower as the Phœbus.

After so many vain researches, most persons would have abandoned the pursuit in despair. But despair is not in my nature. I have a comfortable share of the quality which the possessor is wont to call perseverance—whilst the uncivil world is apt to designate it by the name of obstinacy—and do not easily give in. Then the chase, however fruitless, led, like other chases, into beautiful scenery, and formed an excuse for my visiting or re-visiting many of the prettiest places in the county.

Two of the most remarkable spots in the neighborhood are, as it happens, famous for their collections of dahlias—Strathfield-saye, the seat of the Duke of Wellington, and the ruins of Reading Abbey.

Nothing can well be prettier than the drive to Strathfield-saye, passing, as we do, through a great part of Heckfield Heath,* a tract of wild woodland,

* It may be interesting to the lovers of literature to hear that my accomplished friend Mrs. Trollope was "raised," as her friends the Americans would say, upon this spot. Her father, the Rev. William Milton, himself a very clever man, and an able mechanician and engineer, held the living of Heckfield for many years.

a forest, or rather a chase, full of fine sylvan beauty—thickets of fern and holly, and hawthorn and birch, surmounted by oaks and beeches, and interspersed with lawny glades and deep pools, letting light into the picture. Nothing can be prettier than the approach to the duke's lodge. And the entrance to the demesne, through a deep dell dark with magnificent firs, from which we emerge into a finely wooded park of the richest verdure, is also striking and impressive. But the distinctive feature of the place (for the mansion, merely a comfortable and convenient nobleman's house, hardly responds to the fame of its owner) is the grand avenue of noble elms, three quarters of a mile long, which leads to the front door. It is difficult to imagine any thing which more completely realizes the poetical fancy, that the pillars and arches of a Gothic cathedral were borrowed from the interlacing of the branches of trees planted at stated intervals, than this avenue, in which Nature has so completely succeeded in outrivalling her handmaiden Art, that not a single trunk, hardly even a bough or a twig, appears to mar the grand regularity of the design as a piece of perspective. No cathedral aisle was ever more perfect; and the effect,

under every variety of aspect, the magical light and shadow of the cold white moonshine, the cold green light of a cloudy day, and the glancing sunbeams which pierce through the leafy umbrage in the bright summer noon, are such as no words can convey. Separately considered, each tree (and the north of Hampshire is celebrated for the size and shape of its elms) is a model of stately growth, and they are now just at perfection, probably about a hundred and thirty years old. There is scarcely perhaps in the kingdom such another avenue.

On one side of this noble approach is the garden, where, under the care of the skilful and excellent gardener, Mr. Cooper, so many magnificent dahlias are raised, but where, alas ! the Phœbus was not ; and between that and the mansion is the sunny, shady paddock, with its rich pasture and its roomy stable, where, for so many years, Copenhagen, the charger who carried the Duke at Waterloo, formed so great an object of attraction to the visitors of Strathfield-saye.* Then came the house itself, and then I returned home.

* Copenhagen—(I had the honor of naming one of Mr. Cooper's dahlias after him—a sort of *bay* dahlia, if I may be permitted the expression)—Copenhagen was a most inter-

Well! this was one beautiful and fruitless drive. The ruins of Reading Abbey formed another as fruitless, and still more beautiful.

esting horse. He died last year at the age of twenty-seven. He was therefore in his prime on the day of Waterloo, when the duke (then and still a man of iron) rode him for seventeen hours and a half without dismounting. When his Grace got off, he patted him, and the horse kicked, to the great delight of his brave rider, as it proved that he was not beaten by that tremendous day's work. After his return, this paddock was assigned to him, in which he passed the rest of his life in the most perfect comfort that can be imagined; fed twice a day (latterly upon oats broken for him), with a comfortable stable to retire to, and a rich pasture in which to range. The late amiable duchess used regularly to feed him with bread, and this kindness had given him the habit (especially after her death) of approaching every lady with confiding familiarity. He had been a fine animal, of middle size and a chestnut color, but latterly he exhibited an interesting specimen of natural decay, in a state as nearly that of nature as can well be found in a civilized country. He had lost an eye from age, and had become lean and feeble, and, in the manner which he approached even a casual visitor, there was something of the demand of sympathy, the appeal to human kindness, which one has so often observed from a very old dog towards his master. Poor Copenhagen, who, when alive, furnished so many reliques from his mane and tail to enthusiastic young ladies, who had his hair set in brooches and rings, was, after being interred with military honors, dug up by some miscreant (never, I believe, discovered), and one of his hoofs cut off, it is to be presumed, for a memorial, although one that would hardly go

Whether in the "palmy state" of the faith of Rome, the pillared aisles of the Abbey church might have vied in grandeur with the avenue at Strathfield-saye, I can hardly say; but certainly, as they stand, the venerable arched gateway, the rock-like masses of wall, the crumbling cloisters, and the exquisite finish of the surbases of the columns and other fragments, fresh as if chiselled yesterday, which are reappearing in the excavations now making, there is an interest which leaves the grandeur of life, palaces and their pageantry, parks and their adornments, all grandeur except the indestructible grandeur of nature, at an immeasurable distance. The place was a history. Centuries passed before us as we thought of the magnificent monastery, the third in size and splendor in England, with its area of thirty acres between the walls—and gazed upon it now!

And yet, even now, how beautiful! Trees of every growth mingling with those gray ruins, creepers wreathing their fantastic garlands around

in the compass of a ring. A very fine portrait of Copenhagen has been executed by my young friend Edmund Havell, a youth of seventeen, whose genius as an animal painter, will certainly place him second only to Landseer.

the mouldering arches, gorgeous flowers flourishing in the midst of that decay! I almost forgot my search for the dear Phœbus, as I rambled with my friend Mr. Malone, the gardener, a man who would in any station be remarkable for acuteness and acquirement, amongst the august remains of the venerable abbey, with the history of which he was as conversant as with his own immediate profession. There was no speaking of smaller objects in the presence of the mighty past!

Gradually chilled by so much unsuccess, the ardor of my pursuit began to abate. I began to admit the merits of other dahlias of divers colors, and actually caught myself committing the inconstancy of considering which of the four Princes of Orange I should bespeak for next year. Time, in short, was beginning to play his part as the great comforter of human afflictions, and the poor Phœbus seemed as likely to be forgotten as a last year's bonnet, or a last week's newspaper—when, happening to walk with my father to look at a field of his, a pretty bit of upland pasture about a mile off, I was struck, in one corner where the manure for dressing had been deposited, and a heap of earth and dung still remained, to be spread, I suppose,

next spring, with some tall plant surmounted with bright flowers. Could it be?—was it possible?—did my eyes play me false?—No; there it was, upon a dunghill—the object of all my researches and lamentations, the identical Phœbus! the lost dahlia!

EVENING HOURS.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

IN pale hours of evening often, thoughts grow calm
and feelings soften;
Memory's reign beginneth then,
Spirit-stars then 'gin their shining, with those proud
ones that are lining
Yon cerulean, mystic Plain.

Then we start from Life's gay folly, while the Dream-
er Melancholy
Teacheth lessons true and sage;
Each time that her voice she raises, diamond-words
and pearlèd phrases
Drop—as tells the fairy page.

Pangs and griefs and fears and terrors, doubts and
deep repented errors,
Build the Soul's great altar-stairs;

Each dire sorrow of our bosoms, from its thorns
shoots lovely blossoms,—
Flowers and fruits spring up from cares.

Cares have flowers and fruit excelling, and within
our spirits dwelling
Make them nobly pure and high;
They teach patience and reflection, they exalt and
light Affection,
Climbing nearer toward the sky.

Thus in Eve's calm hours it seemeth, many a truth-
light gravely gleameth,
Buried in the blaze of Day;
Then scarce heard are heart-deep histories—blazing
grave of worlds and mysteries!—
Day! thou scatterest those away.

But in hours of evening often, when the thoughts
and feelings soften,
High and solemn truths are shown;
More we know of our own Being, when Earth's
vain distractions fleeing,
Leave our Souls again our own!

* * * * *

Still the Heart, intense and fervent, is, like Fire, a
noble servant,
Ever prompt, and keen, and strong;

But it is a fearful Master, spreading danger and
Disaster;
If ye yield, ye rue it long!

Governed and controlled, it spreadeth light and life
around, and aideth
In each brave and glorious deed;
But, Oh! watch and rule it ever, for it seeks, with
strong endeavor,
Still to govern *thee*, and lead.

And that Heart so quick and fervent, is, like Fire, a
generous servant,
Fresh and strong, and prompt and true;
But, like Fire, a dreadful master! spreading doom
and dire disaster,
Mighty, mighty to undo!

Sorrow is a sovereign Teacher, Sorrow is a golden
Preacher;
She can tame it best, and school:
When her solemn yoke it beareth, when her awful
voice it heareth,
'Twould no longer wish to rule.

Sorrow is a wondrous Teacher, Sorrow is a gracious
Preacher,
All her arrowy pangs have tongues;
And they utter rich revealings, talking to the
thoughts, the feelings,
Chanting deeply mighty songs.

Life! thou Ladder, all of fire, as we still are struggling higher,
Shrinking, we thy terrors learn;
Every step we tread with trembling—oft unto ourselves dissembling
How, perchance, they scorch and burn.

LOVING HEARTS.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

O TELL me not the world is dark,
With shadows lengthening to the tomb;
Mine eyes would rather fondly mark
Where sunlight flashes through the gloom;
And I would fain in error dwell,
If truth such darksome lore imparts,
And rather die than e'er dispel
My dream of loving hearts.

Their perfume would forsake the flowers,
The golden hues of summer fade,
The hushed birds droop in withered bowers,
And sunny brooklets sink to shade;
And o'er the soul of living things
Would fall the gloom that ne'er departs,
If from my bright imaginings
Were banished loving hearts.

They are around us and above,
Half hidden as in wild-wood leaves,
Close nestled some white-breasted dove ;
And he is happy who believes
That they are living, though unseen,
Like light, ere from the cloud it starts,
And he is truly blest, I ween,
Who loves those loving hearts.

AUNT DEBORAH.

A CROSSER old woman than Mrs. Deborah Thornby was certainly not to be found in the whole village of Hilton. Worth, in country phrase, a power of money, and living (to borrow another rustic expression) upon her means, the exercise of her extraordinary faculty for grumbling and scolding seemed the sole occupation of her existence, her only pursuit, solace, and amusement; and really it would have been a great pity to have deprived the poor woman of a pastime so consolatory to herself, and which did harm to nobody: her family consisting only of an old laborer, to guard the house, take care of her horse, her cow, and her chaise and cart, and work in the garden, who was happily, for his comfort, stone deaf, and could not hear her vituperation, and of a parish girl of twelve, to do the indoor work, who had been so used to

be scolded all her life, that she minded the noise no more than a miller minds the clack of his mill, or than people who live in a churchyard mind the sound of the church bells, and would probably, from long habit, have felt some miss of the sound had it ceased, of which, by the way, there was small danger, so long as Mrs. Deborah continued in this life. Her crossness was so far innocent that it hurt nobody except herself. But she was also cross-grained, and that evil quality is unluckily apt to injure other people; and did so very materially in the present instance.

Mrs. Deborah was the only daughter of old Simon Thornby, of Chalcott great farm; she had had one brother, who having married the rosy-cheeked daughter of the parish clerk, a girl with no portion except her modesty, her good-nature, and her prettiness, had been discarded by his father, and after trying various ways to gain a living, and failing in all, had finally died broken-hearted, leaving the unfortunate clerk's daughter, rosy-cheeked no longer, and one little boy, to the tender mercy of his family. Old Simon showed none. He drove his son's widow from the door as he had before driven off his son; and when he also died, an event

which occurred within a year or two, bequeathed all his property to his daughter Deborah.

This bequest was exceedingly agreeable to Mrs. Deborah (for she was already of an age to assume that title), who valued money, not certainly for the comforts and luxuries which it may be the means of procuring, nor even for its own sake, as the phrase goes, but for that which, to a woman of her temper, was perhaps the highest that she was capable of enjoying, the power which wealth confers over all who are connected with or dependent on its possessor.

The principal subjects of her despotic dominion were the young widow and her boy, whom she placed in a cottage near her own house, and with whose comfort and happiness she dallied pretty much as a cat plays with the mouse which she has got into her clutches, and lets go only to catch again, or an angler with the trout which he has fairly hooked, and merely suffers to struggle in the stream until it is sufficiently exhausted to bring to land. She did not mean to be cruel, but she could not help it; so her poor mice were mocked with the semblance of liberty, although surrounded by restraints; and the awful paw seemingly sheathed

in velvet, whilst they were in reality never out of reach of the horrors of the pat.

. It sometimes, however, happens that the little mouse makes her escape from madam pussy at the very moment when she seems to have the unlucky trembler actually within her claws; and so it occurred in the present instance.

The dwelling to which Mrs. Deborah retired after the death of her father, was exceedingly romantic and beautiful in point of situation. It was a small but picturesque farm-house, on the very banks of the Loddon, a small branch of which, diverging from the parent stream, and crossed by a pretty footbridge, swept round the homestead, the orchard and garden, and went winding along the water meadows in a thousand glittering meanders, until it was lost in the rich woodlands which formed the back-ground of the picture. In the month of May, when the orchard was full of its rosy and pearly blossoms, a forest of lovely bloom, the meadows yellow with cowslips, and the clear brimming river, bordered by the golden tufts of the water ranunculus, and garlanded by the snowy flowers of the hawthorn and the wild cherry, the thin wreath of smoke curling from the tall, old-

fashioned chimneys of the pretty irregular building, with its porch, and its bay-windows, and gable-ends full of light and shadow,—in that month of beauty it would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful or a more English landscape.

On the other side of the narrow winding road, parted from Mrs. Deborah's demesne by a long low bridge of many arches, stood a little rustic mill, and its small low-browed cottage, with its own varied back-ground of garden and fruit trees and thickly wooded meadows, extending in long perspective, a smiling verdant valley of many miles.

Now Chalcott mill, reckoned by every body else the prettiest point in her prospect, was to Mrs. Deborah not merely an eye-sore, but a heart-sore, not on its own account; cantankerous as she was, she had no quarrel with the innocent buildings, but for the sake of its inhabitants.

Honest John Stokes, the miller, was her cousin-german. People did say that some forty years before there had been question of a marriage between the parties; and really they both denied the thing with so much vehemence and fury, that one should almost be tempted to believe there was some truth in the report. Certain it is, that if they had been

that wretched thing a mismatched couple, and had gone on snarling together all their lives, they could not have hated each other more zealously. One shall not often meet with any thing so perfect in its way as that aversion. It was none of your silent hatreds that never come to words; nor of your civil hatreds, that veil themselves under smooth phrases and smiling looks. Their ill-will was frank, open, and above-board. They could not afford to come to an absolute breach, because it would have deprived them of the pleasure of quarrelling; and in spite of the frequent complaints they were wont to make of their near neighborhood, I am convinced that they derived no small gratification from the opportunities which it afforded them of saying disagreeable things to each other.

And yet Mr. John Stokes was a well-meaning man, and Mrs. Deborah Thornby was not an ill-meaning woman. But she was, as I have said before, cross in the grain; and he—why he was one of those plain-dealing personages who will speak their whole mind, and who pique themselves upon that sort of sincerity which is comprised in telling to another all the ill that they have ever heard, or thought, or imagined concerning him, in repeating,

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as if it were a point of duty, all the harm that one neighbor says of another, and in denouncing, as if it were a sin, whatever the unlucky person whom they address may happen to do, or to leave undone.

"I am none of your palavering chaps, to flummer over an old vixen for the sake of her strong-box. I hate such falseness. I speak the truth and care for no man," quoth John Stokes.

And accordingly John Stokes never saw Mrs. Deborah Thornby but he saluted her, pretty much as his mastiff accosted her favorite cat; erected his bristles, looked at her with savage, bloodshot eyes, showed his teeth, and vented a sound something between a snarl and a growl; whilst she (like the four-footed tabby) set up her back and spit at him in return.

They met often, as I have said, for the enjoyment of quarrelling; and as whatever he advised she was pretty sure *not* to do, it is probable that his remonstrances in favor of her friendless relations served to confirm her in the small tyranny which she exercised towards them.

Such being the state of feeling between these two jangling cousins, it may be imagined with what indignation Mrs. Deborah found John Stokes,

upon the death of his wife, removing her widowed sister-in-law from the cottage in which she had placed her, and bringing her home to the mill, to officiate as his housekeeper, and take charge of a lovely little girl, his only child. She vowed one of those vows of anger which I fear are oftener kept than the vows of love, to strike both mother and son out of her will (by the way, she had a superstitious horror of that disagreeable ceremony, and even the temptation of choosing new legatees whenever the old displeased her, had not been sufficient to induce her to make one,—the threat did as well), and never to speak to either of them again as long as she lived.

She proclaimed this resolution at the rate of twelve times an hour (that is to say, once in five minutes), every day for a fortnight; and in spite of her well-known caprice, there seemed for once in her life reason to believe that she would keep her word.

Those prudent and sagacious persons who are so good as to take the superintendence of other people's affairs, and to tell by the look of the foot where the shoe pinches and where it does not, all united in blaming the poor widow for withdrawing

herself and her son from Mrs. Deborah's protection. But besides that no human being can adequately estimate the misery of leading a life of dependence upon one to whom scolding was as the air she breathed, without it she must die, a penurious dependence too, which supplied grudgingly the humblest wants, and yet would not permit the exertions by which she would joyfully have endeavored to support herself;—besides the temptation to exchange Mrs. Deborah's incessant maundering for the Miller's rough kindness, and her scanty fare for the coarse plenty of his board,—besides these homely but natural temptations—hardly to be adequately allowed for by those who have passed their lives amidst smiling kindness and luxurious abundance; besides these motives, she had a stronger and dearer in her desire to rescue her boy from the dangers of an enforced and miserable idleness, and to put him in the way of earning his bread by honest industry.

Through the interest of his grandfather the parish clerk, the little Edward had been early placed in the Hilton free school, where he had acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of the master, that at twelve years old he was the head boy on

the foundation, and took precedence of the other nine-and-twenty wearers of the full-skirted blue coats, leathern belts, and tasseled caps, in the various arts of reading, writing, ciphering, and mensuration. He could flourish a swan without ever taking his pen from the paper. Nay, there is little doubt but from long habit he could have flourished it blindfold, like the man who had so often modelled the wit of Ferney in breadcrumbs, that he could produce little busts of Voltaire with his hands under the table; he had not his equal in Practice or the Rule of Three, and his piece, when sent round at Christmas, was the admiration of the whole parish.

Unfortunately, his arrival at this pre-eminence was also the signal of his dismissal from the free school. He returned home to his mother, and as Mrs. Deborah, although hourly complaining of the expense of supporting a great lubberly boy in idleness, refused to apprentice him to any trade, and even forbade his finding employment in helping her deaf man of all work to cultivate her garden, which the poor lad, naturally industrious and active, begged her permission to do, his mother, considering that no uncertain expectations of money at the

death of his kinswoman could counterbalance the certain evil of dragging on his days in penury and indolence during her life, wisely determined to betake herself to the mill, and accept John Stokes's offer of sending Edward to a friend in town, for the purpose of being placed with a civil engineer ;—a destination with which the boy himself—a fine, intelligent youth, by the way, tall and manly, with black eyes that talked and laughed, and curling dark hair,—was delighted in every point of view. He longed for a profession for which he had a decided turn ; he longed to see the world as personified by the city of cities, the unparagoned London ; and he longed more than either to get away from Aunt Deborah, the storm of whose vituperation seemed ringing in his ears so long as he continued within sight of her dwelling. One would think the clack of the mill and the prattle of his pretty cousin Cicely might have drowned it, but it did not. Nothing short of leaving the spinster fifty miles behind, and setting the great city between him and her, could efface the impression.

“I hope I am not ungrateful,” thought Edward to himself, as he was trudging London-ward, after taking a tender leave of all at the mill ; I hope I

am not ungrateful. I do not think I am, for I would give my right arm, ay, or my life, if it would serve master John Stokes, or please dear Cissy. But really I do hope never to come within hearing of Aunt Deborah again, she storms so. I wonder whether all old women are so cross. I don't think my mother will be, nor Cissy. I am sure Cissy won't. Poor Aunt Deborah! I suppose she can't help it." And with this indulgent conclusion, Edward wended on his way.

Aunt Deborah's mood was by no means so pacific. She staid at home, fretting, fuming, and chafing, and storming herself hoarse—which, as the people at the mill took good care to keep out of earshot, was all so much good scolding thrown away. The state of things since Edward's departure had been so decisive, that even John Stokes thought it wiser to keep himself aloof for a time; and although they pretty well guessed that she would take measures to put in effect her threat of disinherittance, the first outward demonstration came in the shape of a young man (gentleman I suppose he called himself—ay, there is no doubt but he wrote himself Esquire) who attended her to

church a few Sundays after, and was admitted to the honor of sitting in the same pew.

Nothing could be more unlike our friend Edward than the stranger. Fair, freckled, light-eyed, with invisible eyebrows and eyelashes, insignificant in feature, pert and perking in expression, and in figure so dwarfed and stunted, that though in point of age he had evidently attained his full growth (if one may use the expression to such a he-doll), Robert at fifteen would have made two of him,—such was the new favorite. So far as appearance went, for certain Mrs. Deborah had not changed for the better.

Gradually it oozed out, as, somehow or other, news, like water, will find a vent, however small the cranny,—by slow degrees it came to be understood that Mrs. Deborah's visitor was a certain Mr. Adolphus Lynfield, clerk to an attorney of no great note in the good town of Belford Regis, and nearly related, as he affirmed, to the Thornby family.

Upon hearing these tidings, John Stokes, the son of old Simon Thornby's sister, marched across the road, and finding the door upon the latch, entered unannounced into the presence of his enemy.

"I think it my duty to let you know, cousin

Deborah, that this here chap's an impostor—a sham—and that you are a fool," was his conciliatory opening. "Search the register. The Thornbys have been yeomen of this parish ever since the time of Elizabeth—more shame to you for forcing the last of the race to seek his bread elsewhere; and if you can find such a name as Lynfield amongst 'em, I'll give you leave to turn me into a pettifogging lawyer—that's all. Saunderses, and Symondses, and Stokeses, and Mays, you'll find in plenty, but never a Lynfield. Lynfield, quotha! it sounds like a made-up name in a story-book! And as for 'Dolphus, why there never was any thing like it in all the generation, except my good old great aunt Dolly, and that stood for Dorothy. All our names have been Christian-like and English, Toms, and Jacks, and Jems, and Bills, and Sims, and Neds—poor fellow! None of your outlandish 'Dolphuses. Dang it, I believe the foolish woman likes the chap the better for having a name she can't speak! Remember, I warn you he's a sham!" And off strode the honest miller, leaving Mrs. Deborah too angry for reply, and confirmed both in her prejudice and prepossession by the natural effect of that spirit of contradiction which

formed so large an ingredient in her composition, and was not wholly wanting in that of John Stokes.

Years passed away, and in spite of frequent ebbs and flows, the tide of Mrs. Deborah's favor continued to set towards Mr. Adolphus Lynfield. Once or twice indeed, report had said that he was fairly discarded, but the very appearance of the good miller, anxious to improve the opportunity for his protégé, had been sufficient to determine his cousin to reinstate Mr. Adolphus in her good graces. Whether she really liked him is doubtful. He entertained too good an opinion of himself to be very successful in gaining that of other people.

That the gentleman was not deficient in "left-handed wisdom," was proved pretty clearly by most of his actions; for instance, when routed by the downright miller from the position which he had taken up of a near kinsman by the father's side, he, like an able tactician, wheeled about and called cousins with Mrs. Deborah's mother; and as that good lady happened to have borne the very general, almost universal, name of Smith, which is next to anonymous, even John Stokes could not dislodge him from that intrenchment. But he was

not always so dexterous. Cunning in him lacked the crowning perfection of hiding itself under the appearance of honesty. His art never looked like nature. It stared you in the face, and could not deceive the dullest observer. His very flattery had a tone of falseness that affronted the person flattered; and Mrs. Deborah, in particular, who did not want for shrewdness, found it so distasteful, that she would certainly have discarded him upon that one ground of offence, had not her love of power been unconsciously propitiated by the perception of the efforts which he made, and the degradation to which he submitted, in the vain attempt to please her. She liked the homage offered to "*les beaux yeux de sa cassette*," pretty much as a young beauty likes the devotion extorted by her charms, and for the sake of the incense tolerated the worshipper.

Nevertheless there were moments when the conceit which I have mentioned as the leading characteristic of Mr. Adolphus Lynfield had well nigh banished him from Chalcott. Piquing himself on the variety and extent of his knowledge, the universality of his genius, he of course paid the penalty of other universal geniuses, by being in no small

degree superficial. Not content with understanding every trade better than those who had followed it all their lives, he had a most unlucky propensity to put his devices into execution, and as his information was, for the most part, picked up from the column headed "varieties," in the county newspaper, where of course there is some chaff mingled with the grain, and as the figments in question were generally understood and imperfectly recollected, it is really surprising that the young gentleman did not occasion more mischief than actually occurred by the quips and quiddities which he delighted to put in practice whenever he met with any one simple enough to permit the exercise of his talents.

Some damage he did effect by his experiments, as Mrs. Deborah found to her cost. He killed a bed of old-fashioned spice cloves, the pride of her heart, by salting the ground to get rid of the worms. Her broods of geese also, and of turkeys, fell victims to a new and infallible mode of feeding, which was to make them twice as fat in half the time. Somehow or other, they all died under the operation. So did half a score of fine apple-trees, under an improved method of grafting; whilst a

magnificent brown Bury pear, that covered one end of the house, perished by the grand discovery of severing the bark to increase the crop. He lamed Mrs. Deborah's old horse by doctoring him for a prick in shoeing, and ruined her favorite cow, the best milch cow in the county, by a most needless attempt to increase her milk.

Now these mischances and misdemeanors, ay, or the half of them, would undoubtedly have occasioned Mr. Adolphus's dismissal, and the recall of poor Edward, every account of whom was in the highest degree favorable, had the worthy miller been able to refrain from lecturing his cousin upon her neglect of the one, and her partiality for the other. It was really astonishing that John Stokes, a man of sagacity in all other respects, never could understand that scolding was of all devisable processes the least likely to succeed in carrying his point with one who was such a proficient in that accomplishment, that if the old penalty for female scolds, the ducking-stool, had continued in fashion, she would have stood an excellent chance of attaining to that distinction. But so it was. The same blood coursed through their veins, and

his tempestuous good-will and her fiery anger took the same form of violence and passion.

Nothing but these lectures *could* have kept Mrs. Deborah constant in the train of such a trumpery, jiggeting, fidgetty little personage as Mr. Adolphus,—the more especially as her heart was assailed in its better and softer parts, by the quiet respectfulness of Mrs. Thornby's demeanor, who never forgot that she had experienced her protection in the hour of need, and by the irresistible good-nature of Cicely, a smiling, rosy, sunny-looking creature, whose only vocation in this world seemed to be the trying to make every body as happy as herself.

Mrs. Deborah (with such a humanizing taste, she could not, in spite of her cantankerous temper, be all bad), loved flowers: and Cicely, a rover of the woods and fields from early childhood, and no despicable practical gardener, took care to keep her beaupots constantly supplied from the first snowdrop to the last china rose. Nothing was too large for Cicely's good-will, nothing too small. Huge chimney jars of lilacs, laburnums horse-chestnuts, peonies, and the golden and gorgeous double furze; china jugs filled with magnificent double stocks, and rich wall-

flowers,* with their bitter-sweet odor, like the taste of orange marmalade, pinks, sweet-peas, and mignonette, from her own little garden, or woodland posies that might beseem the hand of the faerie queen, composed of those gems of flowers, the scarlet pimpernel, and the blue anagallis, the rosy star of the wild geranium, with its aromatic crimson-tipped leaves, the snowy star of the white ochil, and that third starry flower the yellow loose-strife, the milk vetch, purple, or pink, or cream colored, backed by moss-like leaves and lilac blossoms of

* Few flowers (and almost all look best when arranged each in its separate vase),—few look so well together as the four sorts of double wallflowers. The common dark (the old bloody warrior—I have a love for these graphic names—words, which paint), the common dark, the common yellow, the new and more intensely colored dark, and that new gold color still so rare, which is in tint, form, growth, hardiness, and profusion, one of the most valuable acquisitions to the flower-garden. When placed together in a jar, the brighter blossoms seem to stand out from those of the deeper hue, with exactly the sort of relief, the harmonious combination of light and shade, that one sometimes sees in the rich gilt carving of an old flower-wreathed picture-frame, or, better still, it might seem a pot of flowers chased in gold, by Benvenuto Cillini, in which the workmanship out-valued the metal. Many beaupots are gayer, many sweeter, but this is the richest, both for scent and color, that I have ever seen.

the lousewort, and overhung by the fragrant bells and cool green leaves of the lily of the valley. It would puzzle the gardener to surpass the elegance and delicacy of such a nosegay.

Offerings like these did our miller's maiden delight to bring at all seasons, and under all circumstances, whether of peace or war between the heads of the two opposite houses ; and whenever there chanced to be a lull in the storm, she availed herself of the opportunity to add to her simple tribute a dish of eels from the mill-stream, or perch from the river. That the thought of Edward ("dear Edward," as she always called him) might not add somewhat of alacrity to her attentions to his wayward aunt, I will not venture to deny, but she would have done the same if Edward had not been in existence, from the mere effect of her own peace-making spirit, and a generosity of nature which found more pleasure in giving than in possessing. A sweet and happy creature was Cicely ; it was difficult even for Mrs. Deborah to resist her gentle voice and artless smiles.

Affairs were in this posture between the belligerents, sometimes war to the knife, sometimes a truce under favor of Cissy's white flag, when one Octo-

ber evening, John Stokes entered the dwelling of his kinswoman to inform her that Edward's apprenticeship had been some time at an end, that he had come of age about a month ago, and that his master, for whom he had continued to work, was so satisfied of his talents, industry, and integrity, that he had offered to take him into partnership or a sum incredibly moderate, considering the advantages which such a connection would insure.

"You have more than the money wanted in the Belford Bank, money that ought to have been his," quoth John Stokes, "besides all your property in land and houses and the funds; and if you did advance this sum, which all the world knows is only a small part of what should have belonged to him in right of his father, it would be as safe as if it was in the Bank of England, and the interest paid half-yearly. You ought to give it him out and out; but of course you won't even lend it," pursued this judicious negotiator; "you keep all your money for that precious chap, Mr. 'Dolphus, to make ducks and drakes with after you are dead; a fine jig he'll dance over your grave. You know, I suppose, that we've got the fellow in a cleft stick about that petition the other day? He persuaded

old Jacob, who's as deaf as a post, to put his mark to it, and when he was gone, Jacob came to me (I'm the only man in the parish who can make him hear) to ask what it was about. So upon my explaining the matter, Jacob found he had got into the wrong box. But as the chap had taken away his petition, and Jacob could not scratch out his name, what does he do but set his mark to ours o' t'other side; and we've wrote all about it to Sir Robert to explain to the Parliament, lest seeing Jacob's name both ways like, they should think 'twas he, poor fellow, that meant to humbug 'em. A pretty figure Mr. 'Dolphus 'll cut when the story comes to be told in the House of Commons! But that's not the worst. He took the petition to the work-house, and meeting with little Fan Ropley, who had been taught to write at our charity-school, and is quick at her pen, he makes her sign her name at full length, and then strikes a dot over the *e* to turn it into Francis, and persuade the great folk up at Lunnun, that little Fan's a grown-up man. If that chap won't come some day to be transported for forgery, my name's not John Stokes! Well, dame, will you let Ned have the money? Yes or no?"

That Mrs. Deborah should have suffered the good miller to proceed with his harangue without interruption, can only be accounted for on the score of the loudness of tone on which he piqued himself with so much justice. When she did take up the word, her reply made up in volubility and virulence for any deficiency in sound, concluding by a formal renunciation of her nephew, and a command to his zealous advocate never again to appear within her doors. Upon which, honest John vowed he never would, and departed.

Two or three days after this quarrel, Mr. Adolphus having arrived, as happened not unfrequently, to spent the afternoon at Chalcott, persuaded his hostess to accompany him to see a pond drawn at the Hall, to which, as the daughter of one of Sir Robert's old tenants, she would undoubtedly have the right of *entrée*; and Mrs. Deborah assented to his request, partly because the weather was fine, and the distance short, partly, it may be, from a lurking desire to take her chance as a bystander of a dish of fish; they who need such windfalls least, being commonly those who are most desirous to put themselves in their way.

Mr. Adolphus Lynfield's reasons were obvious

enough. Besides the *ennui* of a tête-à-tête, all flattery on one side and contradiction on the other, he was naturally of the fidgetty restless temperament which hates to be long confined to one place or one occupation, and can never hear of a gathering of people, whatever might be the occasion, without longing to find himself amongst them.

Moreover, he had, or professed to have, a passion for field sports of every description; and having that very season contrived, with his usual curious infelicity, to get into as many scrapes in shooting as shall last most sportsmen their whole lives—having shot a spaniel instead of a hare, a keeper instead of a partridge, and his own foot instead of a pheasant, and finally, having been taken up for a poacher, although wholly innocent of the death of any bird that ever wore feathers,—after all these woeful experiences (to say nothing of mischances in angling which might put to shame those of our friend Mr. Thompson), he found himself particularly well disposed to a diversion which appeared to combine in most choice union the appearance of sporting, which he considered essential to his reputation, with a most happy exemption from the usual sporting requisites, exertion or skill. All that

he would have to do would be to look on and talk, —to throw out a hint here and a suggestion there, and find fault with every thing and every body, like a man who understood what was going forward.

The weather was most propitious; a bright breezy sunny October day, with light snowy clouds, chased by a keen crisp wind across the deep blue heavens,—and the beautiful park, the turf of an emerald green, contrasting with the brown fern and tawny woods, rivalling in richness and brightness the vivid hues of the autumnal sky. Nothing could exceed the gorgeous tinting of the magnificent trees, which, whether in detached clumps or forest-like masses, formed the pride and glory of the place. The oak still retaining its dark and heavy verdure; the elm letting fall a shower of yellow leaves, that tinged the ground beneath; the deep orange of the horse-chestnut, the beech varying from ruddy gold to greenish brown; and above all, the shining green of the holly, and the rich purplish red of the old thorns, those hoary thorns, the growth of centuries, gave to this old English gentleman's seat much of the variety and beauty of the American backwoods. The house, a stately ancient mansion, from the porch of which you

might expect to see Sir Roger de Coverley issue, stood half-way up a gentle hill, finely backed by woods of great extent; and the pond, which was the object of the visit, was within sight of the windows, but so skilfully veiled by trees, as to appear of much greater extent than it really was.

The master and mistress of the Hall, with their pretty daughters, were absent on a tour:—Is any English country family ever at home in the month of October in these days of fashionable enterprise? They were gone to visit the temples of Thebes, or the ruins of Carthage, the Fountains of the Nile or the Falls of Niagara, St. Sophia, or the Kremlin, or some such pretty little excursion, which ladies and gentlemen now talk of as familiarly “as maids of puppy dogs.” They were away. But enough of the household remained at Chalcott, to compose, with a few visitors, a sufficiently numerous and animated group.

The first person whom Mrs. Deborah espied (and it is remarkable that we always see first those whom we had rather not see at all), was her old enemy, the miller,—a fisherman of so much experience and celebrity, that his presence might have been reckoned upon as certain—busily engaged, together with

some half-dozen stout and active coadjutors, in dragging the net ashore, amidst a chorus of exclamations and cautions from the various assistants, and the breathless expectation of the spectators on the bank, amongst whom were Mrs. Thornby and Cicely, accompanied by a tall, athletic young man of dark complexion, with peculiarly bright eyes and curling hair, whom his aunt immediately recognized as Edward.

"How improved he is!" was the thought that flashed across her mind, as with an air of respectful alacrity he stepped forward to meet her; but the miller, in tugging at his nets, happened to look towards them, and ashamed that he of all men should see her change of feeling, she turned away abruptly, without acknowledging his salutation, and walked off to the other side with her attendant, Mr. Adolphus.

"Drat the perverse old jade!" exclaimed John Stokes, involuntarily, as he gave a mighty tug, which brought half the net ashore.

"She's heavy, my good sir!" observed the pompous butler, conceiving that the honest miller's exclamation had reference to the sport; "only see

how full she is! We shall have a magnificent haul!"

And the spectators, male and female, crowded round, and the fishermen exerted themselves so efficiently, that in two minutes the net was on dry land.

"Nothing but weeds and rubbish!" ejaculated the disappointed butler, a peculiarly blank look taking the place of his usual self-importance. "What can have become of the fish?"

"The net has been improperly drawn," observed Mr. Adolphus; "I myself saw four or five large carp just before it was dragged ashore!"

"Better fling you in, Master 'Dolphus, by way of bait!" ejaculated our friend the miller; "I've seen jacks in this pond that would make no more bones of swallowing a leg or an arm of such an atomy as you, if they did not have a try at the whole body, than a shark would of bolting down Punch in the show; as to carp, every body that ever fished a pond knows their tricks. Catch them in a net if you can. They swim round and round, just to let you look at 'em, and then they drop plump into the mud, and lie as still and as close as so many stones. But come, Mr. Tompkins," con-

tinued honest John, addressing the butler, "we'll try again. I'm minded that we shall have better luck this time. Here are some brave large tench, which never move till the water is disturbed; we shall have a good chance for them as well as for the jacks. Now, steady there, you in the boat. Throw her in, boys, and mind you don't draw too fast!" So to work they all went again.

All was proceeding prosperously, and the net, evidently well filled with fish, was dragging slowly to land, when John Stokes shouted suddenly from the other side of the pond—"Dang it, if that unlucky chap, Master 'Dolphus there, has not got hold of the top of the net! He'll pull it over. See, that great jack has got out already. Take the net from him, Tom! He'll let all the fish loose, and tumble in himself, and the water at that part is deep enough to drown twenty such mannikins. Not that I think drowning likely to be his fate,—witness that petition business," muttered John to himself in a sort of parenthesis. "Let go, I say, or you will be in. Let go, can't ye?" added he, in his loudest tone.

And with the word, Mr. Adolphus, still struggling to retain his hold of the net, lost his balance

and fell in, and catching at the person next him, who happened to be Mrs. Deborah, with the hope of saving himself, dragged her in after him.

Both sank, and amidst the confusion that ensued, the shrieks and sobs of the women, the oaths and exclamations of the men, the danger was so imminent that both might have been drowned, had not Edward Thornby, hastily flinging off his coat and hat, plunged in and rescued Mrs. Deborah, whilst good John Stokes, running round the head of the pond as nimbly as a boy, did the same kind office for his prime aversion, the attorney's clerk. What a sound kernel is sometimes hidden under a rough and rugged rind !

Mr. Adolphus, more frightened than hurt, and with so much of the conceit washed out of him by his involuntary cold bath, that it might be accounted one of the most fortunate accidents in his life, was conveyed to the hall ; but her own house being almost equally near, Mrs. Deborah was at once taken home, and put comfortably to bed in her own chamber.

About two hours afterwards, the whole of the miller's family, Mrs. Thornby still pallid and trembling, Cicely smiling through her tears, and her

father as blunt and free-spoken as ever, were assembled round the homely couch of their maiden cousin.

"I tell you I must have the lawyer fetched directly. I can't sleep till I have made my will;" said Mrs. Deborah.

"Better not," responded John Stokes; "you'll want it altered to-morrow."

"What's that you say, cousin John?" inquired the spinster.

"That if you make your will to night, you'll change your mind to-morrow," reiterated John Stokes.

"Ned's going to be married to my Cicely," added he, "and that you mayn't like, or if you did like it this week, you might not like it next. So you'd better let matters rest as they are."

"You're a provoking man, John Stokes," said his cousin—"a very provoking obstinate man. But I'll convince you for once. Take that key, Mrs. Thornby," quoth she, raising herself in bed, and fumbling in an immense pair of pockets for a small old-fashioned key, "and open the 'scrutoire, and give me the pen and ink, and the old narrow brown book, that you'll find at the top. Not like his marrying Cicely! Why I always have loved

that child—don't cry Cissy!—and have always had cause, for she has been a kind little creature to me. Those dahlias came from her, and the sweet posy," pursued Mrs. Deborah, pointing to a nosegay of autumn flowers, the old fragrant monthly rose, mignonette, heliotrope, cloves, and jessamine, which stood by the bedside. "Ay, that's the book, Mrs. Thornby; and there, Cissy," continued Aunt Deborah, filling up the check, with a sum far larger than that required for the partnership—"there, Cissy, is your marriage portion. Don't cry so, child!" said she, as the affectionate girl hung round her neck in a passion of grateful tears—"don't cry, but find out Edward, and send for the lawyer, for I'm determined to settle my affairs to night. And now, John Stokes, I know I've been a cross old woman, but"

"Cousin Deborah," interrupted John, seizing her withered hand with a gripe like a smith's vice,—
"Cousin Deborah, thou hast acted nobly, and I beg thy pardon once for all. God bless thee!—Dang it," added the honest miller to himself, "I do verily believe that this squabbling has been mainly my fault, and that if I had not been so provoking she would not have been so contrary. Well, she

has made us all happy, and we must try to make her happy in return. If we did not, we should deserve to be soused in the fish pond along with that unhappy chap, Master 'Dolphus. For my part," continued the good yeoman, forming with great earnestness a solemn resolution—"for my part, I've fully made up my mind never to contradict her again, say what she will. No, not if she says black's white! It's contradiction that makes woman contrary; it sets their backs up, like. I'll never contradict her again so long as my name's John Stokes."

VERSES.

BY ADA TREVANION.

THE leaves are falling on the ground,
The vale is damp and chill ;
The wheat is gathered to the store,
Which waved upon the hill :
The summer birds have taken wing,
The sky looks wan and gray ;
And from the coppice calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day.

The joyous bee is heard no more
Amid the faded bowers ;
Low lying in their silent graves
Are all the gentle flowers :
The azure fount is choked and dumb,
And 'neath the rivulet
The water-blooms have left the stalks
On which they late were set.

The fall of leaves, and wane of flowers,
Make sad a lonely heart;
They, like the loveliest of our race,
From this world soon depart:
But as the dark is changed to light
When morning's dawn-beams pour,
So death's long night shall turn to-day
When Time itself is o'er.

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MY EARLY DAYS.

MY early days, my early days,
Ye morning stars that linger yet;
And beam as dear departing rays,
When every other star has set:

Spray of the ocean of my life,
Blossoms of fruit all faded now;
Ye golden sands in old Time's glass,
Ye green leaves on a withered bough;

Oh! where are *ye*, and where am I?
Where is that happy, sinless child?
That chased the gaudy butterfly,
As gay as that, and far more wild.

Am *I* that bold and fearless boy,
That fished the flood and climbed the height?
All health and truth, all life and joy,
First in the frolic or the fight.

Ah no!—where once the sunlight shone
I wander *now*, amid the shade ;
The hopes that led my boyhood on,
Are wither'd all, or all betray'd.

I cannot bear to gaze again,
On visions that could fade so fast ;
Nor 'mid a present scene of pain,
Cast back a thought on blisses past.

CAPTAIN POPHAM AT HIS COUNTRY-HOUSE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

OUR friend Popham had seen pretty well of service. Being the only child of an old officer, whose only property consisted of his commission, his wife, sundry chests of baggage, and our embryo captain, he had, at the earliest possible age, obtained an ensign's commission in a foot regiment, through the especial representations at the Horse Guards of the services of his father by a superior officer. Popham might truly enough be said to have literally fought his way through the world, for he had been sent out to all quarters of it. He had passed some years in the purgatory of Gibraltar and the Peak of Teneriffe,—had shot Caffres at the Cape, broiled in India, and frozen in Canada.

He was well acquainted with Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Jamaica, and Demerara. As he never expected to possess more than his father had done, at forty he was a captain and a bachelor; but at that age fortune had taken an unexpected turn. There was an old aunt who was as rich as a Jewess. She had neither child nor chick, and Popham had always been advised to make himself particularly agreeable to her; but it did not by any means accord with his peculiar genius. On the contrary, he had always, before going abroad, and on any little intervals of home service, that he had taken a particular delight in quizzing her, playing off tricks upon her, and behaving to her in a very cavalier fashion. His father had said to him, twenty times "Bob, what a fool you are! Don't you see that your aunt is the only creature in the family that has a doit? and she could make a man of you at once." It was all in vain. Bob Popham enjoyed nothing so much as a joke at the expense of his aunt, and of contradicting her, when all the world besides was caressing and flattering her. "There's nothing for it," said his father; "but Bob's roughing it abroad; he has not the least white in his eye, and

will be as poor as a rat, or as I am, to the day of his death."

Well, Bob went abroad, to the north and the south, the east and the west, and in the meantime his father and mother went into the other world. His aunt still lived on, beloved and cherished by every body. She was a very plain old lady ; no matter,—she had a large estate, and every body declared she was young and handsome as ever. She was of a penurious and rather crabbed temper ; no matter,—the good-natured world around never suffered itself to be annoyed at it. People rather liked it. They did not care a straw for chips in porridge ; they liked something piquant and original. So the old lady only kept very shabby little lodgings in town, and an old man and woman in her house at Crackskull Common, in Surry, where she seldom went. In fact, she had no need of a house at all, for all sorts of houses were open to her. She always took care to have a handsome carriage, and a couple of fine fellows in livery. That was her sole extravagance, and it answered well. During the season she was surrounded by friends, old and young, and might have spent all her days amongst them. In the daytime, shopping and making

calls; in the evening, to dinners and places of amusement. It cost her nothing. Opera boxes, boxes at theatres, tickets for all sorts of concerts and exhibitions were showered upon her; and it was so very nice for a number of young ladies to have places in her carriage on all these occasions. The old lady took as much pleasure as her constitution was capable of, for she never lost sight of that. She was very chary of her health,—hated doctors, and cherished her own soul and body in an admirable manner. Every thing, in fact, that could make a little old lady comfortable was at her command. She did not luxuriate much, it is true, in her own lodgings, but a score of wealthy houses were open to her. She was pressed to live in them altogether—the best place in the drawing-room and at the dinner-table—the softest easy chair and foot-stool—the snuggest bed-room—and the most bountiful attentions were bestowed upon her; and long before the season closed, her engagements for the country had filled up all the time till the following one. The moment that the queen had dismissed parliament, and the fashionable world, to their delights of distant halls and castles, the old lady was on her way amongst the very first de-

partures. She was bound on a round of visits and hospitalities of the most cordial kind,—and she had a charm about her that never lost its fascination. Grave senators, great lords and dukes too, ladies of the highest rank and of the most eminent talents and accomplishments, and young men and maidens of the most amiable qualities, all united in rendering the old lady's life as agreeable as possible. What was her grand charm? Was she witty, learned, generous, brilliant or pathetic in her powers of conversation?—was she remarkable for her feeling of the beautiful, and for angelic poetry? No; the secret of her delightfulness did not lie in any of these,—she was always to be found living on the clover of high life,—her two stout men and her maid flourished in the most plentiful of servants' halls,—her horses were always as sleek and fat as the best stables and grooms could make them; but nobody ever heard her saying any thing wonderful, or doing any thing wonderful. People who did not know her often wondered what such a queer old fright was doing in the company and places they found her in. She had, however, a talisman that kept all pleasant and affectionate around her, and was capable of converting the most

supercilious puppy or disdainful dame from contempt to adoration in a second. It consisted of a single and very simple sentence, "Well, I don't know whom I must leave my money to, after all."

With that "open sesame," the old lady travelled in triumph all round the country for thirty years. There were a score or two of people who were either marked out by themselves or others as quite certain to have all the old lady's wealth. There were, in fact, some hundreds who had so feasted and fêted her,—had made their houses her home, for months, for so many years together,—who had spent so much, and put themselves so much out of the way to convince the old lady of their entire and eternal devotion to her, that for her to do any thing but leave them all she had, would be to prove herself a perfect monster. If, therefore, the old woman did not prove a perfect monster, at least with some hundred or more of her worshippers, why, then she must have been a most wonderful woman indeed!

At length she died! All old ladies must die some time, however extraordinary and necromantic in their sphere they may be. She died at the goodly age of eighty-seven, and after having lain

at a dear friend's house for nine months, with nurses, doctors, and sitters-up proper for so dear an old lady, her physician had kindly inquired whether she had made her will. Her kind friends were too disinterested to ask this awkward question themselves, except through the bland man of medicine, and she had replied with a heavenly smile and an affectionate pressure of the hand to her dear hostess, who sat at her bed-side, "that she had ; it was at her lawyers', Messrs. Catch and Hold, in town, and those dearest to her would find all right."

She died as we have said. The will was opened ; and, oh ! what a monster of ingratitude that old woman really was ! There was not a name in the document but one, and it was that of the quizzing, teasing, ungracious, and ungrateful Bob Popham !

All the world was astonished ; and Captain Popham most of all ! "What an artful old Jezebel !" exclaimed a hundred and fifty of her kind and indefatigable friends. "What a funny old girl !" said Captain Popham ; "what a famous dead take-in for all those fussy sycophants !" These ejaculations he uttered over a letter which he had just received as he entered the door of the mess-room at Fermoy, in Ireland, where his regiment was lying.

His man had run after him, out of breath, to give it him, for the honest fellow had an instinctive feeling that there was luck in it, and there was need of it. The Captain that day had had a scurvy trick played off upon him. That morning, before going out to parade, he had taken out his gold watch, which cost him sixty guineas—one of those few luxuries which he had indulged in at lucky moments in the course of his career; and, with a melancholy look, had said, “That goes to my uncle; there’s nothing else for it!” He had been astoundingly out of luck of late. Before leaving England he had lost some heavy bets. Here he had lost two of his finest horses by an epidemic, and as he had nothing but his pay, as was well known, and no expectations,—for he could as soon have calculated on a fortune-telling gipsy as on his aunt,—he was in very bad cue indeed. He had tried for a loan every possible old acquaintance that he could call to mind within the range of a most excellent memory, and being confoundedly dunned, as is always the case when a man is a-ground,—and the only letters he had for some weeks received being either from old friends, pressing for repayment of old debts, or from the inex-

orable race of attorneys, threatening all manner of desperate proceedings,—his mind was made up, and his watch must go to pay for lodgings and for sundry other petty affairs.

When Captain Popham returned from parade, he was going to cast his eyes for a farewell look on his watch, and then send it off by his man Tom; but the watch was not there. “Tom thinks I am careless,” said Popham, “in leaving my watch about,” and he rang the bell. “Tom,” said he, as that individual appeared, “where did you put my watch?” “Watch, sir!” said Tom, with an evident consternation. “Why, sir, you sent for it from parade.”

“Never!” said the Captain, turning deadly pale. “Never! What makes you say so?”

“Say so!” repeated Tom, as if his faculties had been knocked down into his heels, and wanted a good while to get up again. “Why, sir, there came a man,—he looked like a groom,—and he said you had called him to you on the parade ground, and bade him fetch your watch, which lay on the *chimley-piece*.”

“Chimney-piece!” exclaimed the Captain; “how

could any body know that? I do not recollect ever laying it there before."

"Well, sir, sure as I'm alive sir, that's what he said; says he, 'it lies on the chimley-piece, and the Captain wants his great coat, for he thinks it will rain.'"

"And did you let him have them?"

"Of course, sir; what else could I do?"

"Good God!" said the Captain; "then you've ruined me, Tom. I have not a farthing left. But you must have seen the man; you would soon know him!"

"Gad! I'll run out and see; but as I'm alive I never seed the man afore; and, Oh Lord! Oh, Lord! if he's off, what *shall* I do?"

Tom absquatulated, as our American friends say, most piteously and precipitately, and was soon at all likely quarters of inquiry, but in vain. All the grooms and officers' servants were first astounded, and then thought it a "deuced clever sell," and Tom and his Captain remained disconsolate.

When fortune's wheel has brought you to the bottom, if it goes on, as the wise of all ages have assured us, it must turn you up again,—and this was precisely Captain Popham's experience. The

letter that Tom had scoured after him with, on being opened, occasioned Popham to laugh aloud and utter the exclamations which we have recorded above. The Captain soon gratified the curiosity of his brother officers, and now no longer afraid of any body knowing the poverty that was past, he added, for their edification, the adventure of the watch and great coat. The two strange incidents coming together threw a wonderful exhilaration over the mess. It was voted that it could not do less than drink everlasting happiness to Popham's excellent aunt—the cleverest old woman, according to the unanimous opinion of the whole regimental staff, that had gone to heaven for years past; and Popham was only too happy to order a handsome supply of champagne. There never was a merrier mess in any age or nation; and the Captain found no difficulty in preparing for his hasty departure to England to take possession of his property, except in deciding which of the many purses thrust upon him he should accept the loan of.

A few days saw him at his estate in Surrey. He had seen his lawyer, his banker, his bailiff, and had ridden over his farms and through his woods. All was extremely satisfactory. It was a splendid

autumn, about the middle of September, extremely dry and warm. The Captain had well tired himself with shooting, in company with the keeper; and one night, sleeping with his window open, as he was accustomed to do to a very late season of the year, he was awoke about two o'clock in the morning by a rustling sound in the garden into which his room looked. "The wind must be rising," thought the Captain, half waking, and turning over. Another more vigorous shake, as of a tree, roused him up, and listening, he felt convinced that some one was paying a visit to a splendid pear-tree, full of fruit, just ready for plucking, on the lawn before his window. The next moment Captain Popham was out of bed, and with admirable quietness had approached the window and fixed his eye on the pear-tree. There was a piece of a moon lingering low in the west, but enough to show him a man in the very middle of his tree, letting down a basket full of his pears by a rope to another fellow below.

"Oho!" thought the Captain; "I must give these fellows a friendly warning not to come here again. Just send them an intelligible message that we think we have quite leisure enough to collect

our own Windsor burgundies. No harm done ; but an effectual fright. A small offence—quite a small offence—and sufficiently punished with a little small shot.”

Popham did not say this ; he only thought it ; and while another might have said it, he had found his gun which stood ready charged in the corner near his bed, drew half the charge, and, approaching the window, took deliberate aim at the legs of the fellow in the tree. Popham never missed : down dropped the man, crashing through the boughs, and attended by a hurricane of pears, tumbled with a thump to the earth.

The Captain's ears, rather than his eyes, informed him of this, for the latter organs were in quest of the fellow below, as well as the smoke of his piece would allow. When he caught sight of him, he was already in full flight across the lawn. “Bang!” went the second barrel, and a wild shriek of “Oh, Lord alive! I'm a dead man!” assured him that there, too, his discharge had taken effect. For dead men, however, the two pear-gatherers managed to get off at a surprising rate, and the Captain, chuckling to himself, said, “Well, those fellows won't volunteer their aid to gather my burgundies

again this year. They will have their own crop of No. 4 to gather out of their legs ; but I am afraid I must have alarmed old John and Betty." While saying this, the Captain was turning comfortably into bed to finish his sleep, and in less than five minutes was dreaming of chasing Bosjesmen at the Cape. When he awoke in the morning, he looked out, and to his astonishment saw a splendid ass, loaded with a pair of panniers, under his pear-tree, eating the fallen pears with a peculiar relish. The Captain hastened down stairs, meeting in the hall Betty Brantingham, the housekeeper, carrying the tray into the breakfast-room.

"Law, sir ! how you did frighten us," said Betty, "with letting off your gun in the night. It made our old hearts jump into our mouths."

"I was afraid I might disturb you," said the Captain, taking his hat and going towards the garden ; "but where are the men I shot ?"

"Men !" cried Betty, giving a start, as if electrified, and letting the tray fall, but only upon the hall-table, which she had just reached. "Oh, sir ! how you do like to frighten a poor old body."

But the Captain was by this time out, and advancing towards the pear-tree, for it was his cue to ap-

pear very savage, and make old John and Betty believe he had nearly, if not all out, killed the men. He was, therefore, looking about with a very eager air, as if in quest of dead bodies. Meantime, John and Betty Brantingham had hurried out after him, and found him surveying the scores of fallen pears, broken boughs, and scattered leaves, with a solemn look. "There is blood on these leaves," said he ; "but I fear the comrades of the rascals have carried them off."

"Lord above, save us !" said Betty, all of a tremble. "How dreadful !"

The Captain now advanced to the wooden fence at the end of the garden. There it was easy to see, by the dirt from their shoes, where one at least had clambered over : and there, too, some blood was really discernible.

"Let us search the field," said the Captain. "They may be dead in a ditch."

He sprang over the fence, and old John clambered all of a tremble after him. They searched all round the field, but found no dead men.

"But what a capital ass !" said old John, when they were come back again. "And what fruit !" examining the panniers. And, in fact, never was

an ass laden with so superb a load of fruit. "Why, it is the pick," said John, "of all the gentlemen's garden's round." There were peaches, nectarines, apricots, plums and pears, of the most magnificent description.

"Well," said the Captain laughing, "it is no such bad exchange after all. The rogues have got their *dessert*, and yet they have left us a fine assortment of fruit for ours. And what an ass! Why they must have stolen it, too. Turn it into the paddock; such a fine fellow is sure to be inquired after."

But, as it turned out, nobody ever did inquire after it. The Captain's exploit made a stupendous noise in the country. The Captain always made the worst of it, although at the risk of getting the character of a cruel fellow. No information ever was obtained of the thieves; and, years after, that finest specimen of the asinine race might be seen with old John Brantingham on his back, going on his errands, or it was drawing a handsome little chaise with the Captain's two eldest children in it.

That same autumn, however, but in the beginning of November, the Captain, after an absence in town attending to various matters connected with

the will and the property, was again at his country-house. As he was reading his morning paper, while Betty Brantingham was arranging his tea-table, he said,—

“Lord bless me, Mrs. Brantingham, what numbers of burglaries there are all about here. I wonder the scoundrels don’t visit us.”

“No, sir,” said Betty, shaking her head, “they’ll not come here, sir, I’ll warrant ’em.”

“Why not?” said the Captain.

“Because,” said Betty, “you’ve got such a name, sir. They say all round here—you’ll excuse me, sir,—that you like nothing so well as shooting men.”

“Do they say that?” said the Captain.

“They do, sir,” said Betty. “Squire Sandiland, out there by Farnborough, told the postman that he had dined with a gentleman that once dined with the officers of your regiment, and they told him that you were very fond of shooting bears, quite wild about shooting lions, but that you had rather shoot a man than any thing.”

“Did he say that?” added the Captain, with a smile.

“He did really,” added Betty; “but I said I was sure that it was not true.”

"Why," said the Captain, "it depends on what sort of a man it is."

Betty looked a very queer look at the Captain; and then added, "Well, bless the Lord, except for a few apples or pears, or a fowl or two, or so, no robbers never came to this house in Madam Popham's time. They soon get to know—they are cunning customers are those robbers—where there is any thing worth stealing, and where they are good, easy people that won't hurt 'em. Madam Popham never kept no plate here. It's all in a strong box at the Bank at Guildford."

"Ah! true," said the Captain. "I had forgotten that: but we will have it here directly."

"Oh, Lord, sir!" said Betty; "why you would not tempt them? You don't want 'em to come here?"

"Well, as to that," said the Captain, "don't you think, Mrs. Brantingham, that the rogues had better come than go and frighten defenceless ladies and quiet inoffensive clergymen? For my part, I am always ready for them; and I rather like it," continued the Captain, looking firmly at Betty. "Vermin should be cleared off, and especially vermin that ought to know better."

Betty Brantingham stood astonished. "But they don't know better, sir," said she at length, "a many of 'em. They are poor unenlightened wretches."

"Then suppose we enlighten them," said the Captain, taking a quantity of bullets out of his pocket. "We must put a window through a few of them, with these."

"Oh Lord, sir," said Betty, looking quite frightened, "why you're like that gentleman that they say lives at Carlisle, that drops all rogues he can catch into his well, and shuts a strong oak door down over them; for that's the only cure for them, he says. But, Heaven bless us, what a hard, fistycuff man it must be."

"Upon my word! a grand fellow!" said the Captain, laughing. "Tell John to saddle the ass, and carry a note to Guildford."

Betty gave another queer look, as she made a very solemn curtsy, saying, "Yes, sir!" and withdrew.

The Captain soon had his plate at home. It was a splendid sight to see it, though rather old fashioned. He had it rather paraded, too; for he sent it in open baskets to a man in the next village famous for waiting at gentlemen's houses, and for

cleaning plate. Every basket had a pillow in the bottom, and the plate, which thus looked much more than it really was, was piled up loftily. Basket after basket went, and came back glittering like fire in the sun. It is said that he really had it cleaned twice over. At all events, never had such a display of silver and gold been seen down there, and great was the talk about it. It was enough to tempt all the thieves in the country, and Betty Brantingham seriously, though respectfully, suggested whether it were not a tempting of Providence too.

But it did not take. The Captain's name was up, and we verily believe that he might have left his plate in the road before his house, or on Crackskull Common itself, as freely as potboys leave their pots in the care of Providence hung on pallisadoes or lying on steps in the streets of London every where. Robberies, and even murders, there were all round the country, but nobody came near the Captain.

At length—it was in the depth of winter—the Captain was awoke with a noise. He felt sure that somebody at length had broken in. He put out his hand to his gun, which stood as usual ready

loaded, felt in his waistcoat pocket on the chair by his side for a couple of caps, and listened. It was a fact—somebody was astir in the house. He heard doors open and shut below : he heard footsteps on the stairs. He sprung from his bed, cautiously opened his door, and listened. At that instant there came a dreadful cry from the room of the old couple. “Oh, Lord help us! Oh! ugh! ugh! ugh!” It was the agonized voice of Betty Brantingham. “The rogues are murdering her,” said the Captain to himself. “This is no joking matter.” He dropped a couple of bullets down his barrels, and darted up the flight of stairs to her assistance. As he reached the landing-place opposite to her room, he perceived the door open ; it was so near morning that there was a little light from the window on the far side of the room ; he could see a figure moving by the bed, and the old woman’s voice was now audible only in low and lower groans.

“They have murdered her!” exclaimed the Captain aloud, simultaneously pulling the trigger of his piece. It flashed in the pan, and at the same moment a piercing shriek in Betty Branting-

ham's own voice startled him with these words—
“Oh Lord, sir! what are you doing?”

The Captain stood petrified to the spot. “But what in heaven's name is the matter?” he exclaimed, as he recovered his speech, but still feeling as if he were standing in a horsepond. “Are not they killing you?”

“Good gracious, no!” exclaimed Betty; “but I've had such a racking fit of toothache; and I've been down for a drop of peppermint-water; and I was just holding on to the bed-post to enable me to abide.”

The Captain felt his blood run still colder. If his gun had not providentially missed fire, Betty Brantingham at this moment had been dead by his hand!

For a long time the horror of this frightful affair hung on the Captain; and he really thought if all the thieves in the country came, he should not have a heart to point a gun at them.

But yet, a few weeks afterwards, coming home late and unexpectedly from town, he found that Mrs. Brantingham had taken the opportunity of his absence to have a regular clearing out of his bed-room. The carpet was up, the floor scoured,

and all the furniture either turned out into the passage or piled upon the bed, in that blessed confusion which prevails on such occasions. There was nothing for it but taking up his quarters in a room on the third story, without danger of a damp bed. But the Captain was an old campaigner. He found the room all very well, and was presently asleep. Out of this sweet sleep, however, he was roused at midnight by the wildest and most awful cry of murder. It rung clearly and frightfully through the house. It seemed to proceed from the room below him. That could not be a mere fit of Mrs. Brantingham's toothache. He sprung from his bed, but it was pitch dark. The room was perfectly strange to him ; he had no means of procuring a light ; and groping for the door, for his life he could not find it !

If there be a bewilderment in this world, it is precisely that in which the Captain found himself. He went round and round the room ; stumbled over chairs ; struck his forehead against the sharp edge of a wardrobe ; broke his shins against a chest of drawers, and every moment became more and more confounded. All the time the cries of murder resounded in his ears. Then all

became as suddenly still. "It's all over!" exclaimed the Captain; "and that cursed door, the devil himself must have conjured it away."

With this, quite satisfied that the old people were now lying with their throats cut from ear to ear, and not having any fire-arms in this room, he placed a chair by his bedside as a means of defence if he were attacked; and plunging into bed, resigned himself to his fate. Nobody came: the Captain, after a while, dropped asleep, and when he awoke it was about nine in the morning. Remembering the horrid outcries of the night, he got up hastily, and went down stairs to ascertain the extent of the mischief. That the old people were murdered he felt quite certain. Their bed-room door was open: he looked in, but saw no bloody corpses. "Can it really be that old woman's toothache again?" said the Captain; "why it's quite a nuisance!" He descended to the ground-floor, and there sat Mr. and Mrs. Brantingham at breakfast, as coolly as though nothing whatever had happened.

"Why, bless me, Mrs. Brantingham," said the Captain, rather tartly, "I quite believed that you were both murdered."

"Murdered, sir?"

"Yes, you cried 'murder' lustily."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Brantingham, looking strangely at her husband. "What a pity we did not think to tell the Captain. I ask you a thousand pardons, sir; but it was only John's cousin, out of Hampshire,—Mr. Roxby, the shoemaker,—who came yesterday to bring John a bit of interest he owes him. He's troubled with dreams, sir, and always cries 'murder' in them; but, bless you! except for that, he's as innocent as a child."

"Where is he, then?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, he's half way home by this time. He knocked at our door at four o'clock, and said he had been much plagued with dreams, and, being awake, he would set off."

"Never let him sleep here again," said the Captain.

Such were Captain Popham's adventures in his country-house the first winter of his possession of it. Before the next winter he had made an extensive acquaintance in town and country; had formed a large and handsome establishment, and finally got married.

The Captain has lived now for some years at

Crackskull Manor, on the very edge of Crackskull Common. Burglaries and robberies abound thereabout, and the Captain affects to wonder that nobody ever thinks of robbing him, for his plate is worth thousands; but Betty Brantingham says, "No, they'll never come here."

At a great dinner-party, an oracular old Protectionist baronet gave it as his opinion regarding so much house-breaking, that the Whigs have done it all. "They have," said he, "undermined all the institutions of the country, and given the rogues a taste for luxury by teaching them to read. They are so cunning now-a-days that they can tell to an inch and to an ounce where plate and money are."

"No," said Captain Popham, "we have done it all ourselves. Carelessness in our own camp is sure to expose us to the attacks of the enemy. We know that there is a sad mass of ignorance and poverty in the country, and if we mean to be safe, we must exert ourselves to root it out. If we are fat and lazy, there are plenty that are lean and on the alert. If we will have tempting heaps of plate and money, we should take vigilant and sufficient means to secure them. Have an efficient police, and keep it so by looking well after it. See

that your doors and windows are well secure, sir. There is no greater truth, take my word for it, than that where thieves can't get in they won't get in. Hang bells to your shutters and doors. Keep a watchman's rattle in your bed-room. Eat light suppers, or none at all, and don't let your servants muddle their brains with strong beer before they go to bed, and then they won't sleep like so many stones on a moor. Keep a little yaffing dog indoors as well, or in preference to a big mastiff without; and if rogues *will* come and make an attack on your house, give them a vigorous salute from the windows, but don't let them find you lying on your backs in your night-shirts while they hold a pistol or a huge rusty knife to your nose. That is a very awkward and humiliating situation, and no really good tactician will suffer himself to be caught napping in that way."

"That's true enough," said a clergyman at table. "I don't want to flatter Captain Popham, but I believe him, from facts within my knowledge, to be one of the most merciful men in our country; and I think it very likely that the touch of severity which he showed when he first came down amongst us, has prevented more crimes and the effusion of

more innocent blood than can readily be calculated."

"Ay, ay," said the old baronet, "it's all very well, Vicar, but the Captain verifies the old saw—
'When a man's name is up, he may sleep.'"

"Precisely so," said the Vicar.



THE SLEEPING CHILD.

BY MISS BARRETT.

'TIS aye a solemn thing to me
To look upon a babe that sleeps;
Wearing in its spirit-deeps
The unrevealed mystery
Of its Adam's taint and woe,
Which, when they revealed be,
Will not let it slumber so!
Lying new in life beneath
The shadow of the coming death,
With that soft low quiet breath,
As if it felt the sun!
Knowing all things by their blooms
Not by their roots! Yea! sun and sky
Only by the warmth that comes
Out of each!—earth only by
The pleasant hues that o'er it run!
And human love, by drops of sweet

White nourishment still hanging round
The little mouth so slumber bound!

All which broken sentiency
Will gather, and unite, and climb,
To an immortality

Good or evil, each sublime,
Through life and death, to life again.

Oh little lids, now closed fast,
Must ye learn to droop at last,
Over large and burning tears?

Oh warm quick body! must thou lie
When is done the round of years,
Bare of all the joy and pain,

Dust in dust,—thy place up-giving
To creeping worms in sentient living?

O small frail being, wilt thou stand
At God's right hand,

Lifting up those sleeping eyes,

Dilated by sublimest destinies,
In endless waking? Thrones and Seraphim,
Through the long ranks of their solemnities,
Sunning thee with calm looks of Heaven's surprise,
Thy look alone on *Him*?

Or else self-willed to the godless place—

(God keep thy will!)—feel thine own energies,
Cold, strong, objectless, like a dead man's clasp,
The sleepless, deathless life within thee, grasp,
While myriad faces, like one changeless face,
With woe, not love's, shall glass thee every where,
And overcome thee with thine own despair?

THE EXILES OF CAPRI.

A TRUE STORY OF MODERN ITALY.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

Author of "Traditions of Tuscany," &c., &c.

"**K**ISSING goes by favor," saith the old proverb, and so does praising. The "Continental Bradshaw" devotes half-a-dozen pages to that Cockney-Paris Brussels, and a column of enthusiasm to Capri; while Florence and Venice are disposed of in three lines, naming the Envoy, and the *worst*, not the best, medical men.

Who obtained for Capri that honorable mention?

Quoth Bradshaw, "the climate is particularly favorable to all complaints of the bronchia." May be—all I know is, that being myself by habit and repute a victim to that complaint, Capri affected me with a severer return thereof than I had expe-

rienced since I encountered the east winds of our foggy isle of England.

Quoth Bradshaw, "food is there abundant and cheap." May be; but I knew three respectable ladies nearly starved because they could not live upon cuttle fish and pumpkins.

Truly Capri is a land flowing with oil and wine, but the solid flesh is rare. Brahminical cows, that die unmolested in a good old age, are its beef; its mutton travels over from Naples, eight hours under a burning sun—a method of cooking not quite agreeable. Its fowls have a mixture of bone and yellow fat, utterly destitute of white meat, which our host used to ascribe to their diet of Indian corn, and which certainly rendered them interesting ornithological specimens, but very bad fare.

In short, fish is the staple resource of Capri, as it is of the Hebrides; its fertility reduces its inhabitants to the same diet as does the barrenness of the Scottish isles. Little delicate anchovies, rich cephalopods, eels curly as small snakes, red glistening mullet, and sarpe, a fish that tastes strongly of the sea-weed on which it feeds; these were our dinner materials. When these failed, our host displayed inexhaustible invention in the concoction of

entrées, consisting generally of *fries*. To-day fried potatoes, disguised beyond recognition even by an Irishman; to-morrow fried French beans, cut into fantastic forms; now a fry of cucuzzoli (a sweet-tasted green sort of gherkin); another time of *ricotto*, or curdled cream. But a meal off the joint dear to hungry Britons is not attainable in Capri. This much, O Continental Bradshaw, I write, because due to the sacred cause of truth: I must say amen to all praises of its scenery. I used often to think that in the after-life alone could such eye-joy be surpassed. We lived in a low-roofed house, one single story towards the land, but on the seaward side sinking abruptly in a precipice, with a range of offices under a broad airy terrace.

On that terrace we spent our days. A large swing lamp hanging from its matted roof acted the part of The Salt. Below it was set a table for servants and children; above it we ate our own meals like eastern sultans.

The matting overhead kept off the sun, while the air came freely in from the sea, and the view unbroken lay before us. The tongues of men and angels could not describe it; Naples, twenty-three miles off, was distinctly visible. St. Elmo's Castle,

like a barometer, registered on its tall crest every atmospheric change. Vesuvius, no longer a twin pair as it appears from the city, at Capri rises in a single cone, with such a gradual slope from the level purple plain, that one fancies it to be a work of man raised step by step above the greensward. Not once during our stay in those vicinities did the hell-mouth send out a flame. Weary with the great eruption of March, it lay all July in a dead slumber, only a white puff of cloud hovering as a remembrancer over the crater's top. You did not trace it ascending from the lip; you only saw it hanging motionless in the clear, blue air. And fearless white villas hung on the skirts of that destructive volcano, as children cling on to the sabretache and sword-belt of a redoubted warrior. And a hugh arm of Capri thrust itself out into the blue sea on our right: while in the shadow of its perpendicular rock face, brown naked boys disported themselves among the transparent waters, and the weedy ruins of Roman palaces.

Much, much more did that terrace show us, which sank into our heart of hearts, but which refuses to come drily forth and deposit itself on this prosy page. In the evenings we sallied out and

climbed the steep path leading to town of Capri—a path made for the behoof of shoemakers; to go up it and to go down it would make an end of the finest and strongest boots sold between Temple Bar and the Crystal Palace. It is composed partly of rough shingle, partly of rude steps more than half worn away. Olives rise above you, vineyards and orchards below you, and every step gives a different and a lovelier view of the Bay, of the promontory of Massa and Campanella, of the wild masses of St. Angelo towering behind, and the far-off Abruzzi peaks, and the solitary mount of Mondragone, until, as you reach the old town gate, you turn and behold Ischia, Procida, and Nicita, gleaming like topazes in the setting sun. However hot might be the evening, always a cold blast rushed through that dark and ancient archway; consequently its two stone benches were more than comfortably full. Peasants and vine-dressers, fishermen and loungers, and a number of melancholy men, to whom, Italians as they evidently were, idleness did not seem to bring its own all-sufficient reward. I have been so used to see the southrons enjoying their existence, taking in the sense of being at every pore, that I felt rivetted by these lack-

lustre faces and aimless wandering eyes. To them the exquisite beauty all around was as a blank. They pined—and for what? For liberty—they were exiles.

Then we rambled through the odd old piazza, with its rusty, absurd old jail, in which I once saw a prisoner, who had a just appreciation of the advantages of his lot, staring eagerly at a triumphal arch erected close before his grating, and an illuminated display of fireworks let off just under his rejoicing eyes; past the sumptuous and unpicturesque cathedral, up whose steps were hastening, at the vesper-bell, women with white veils on their black plaits, and swaddled babes on their swarthy shoulders; and so diving down a narrow water-course, pebbly and rocky, and a torture to all with thin shoes and corns, we came on a lonely descending path, down among fields of poppiéd grain, and by the gnarled roots of aged olives, through wildernesses of myrtles and aniseed, and scabious, and clematis, and lovely little campanulas and saxifrage, down to a round projection of the cliffs jutting out into the sea, walled and provided with stone seats. It was a wild and lonely scene. On our right a lofty rock rose sheer from the strand, sloping land-

ward towards the town of Capri, but presenting to the ocean a red, furrowed, unscalable precipice, broken only by a cavern midway, inaccessible save to winged fowl. Its highest peak was surmounted by a ruined castle, strongly fortified by the French, and said to be haunted by spirits for the sake of its buried treasures.

Right in front of us, cleaving the calm blue waters, were those remarkable rocks, the Farra Leone, three in number, but two of them standing so near that it is only at particular angles you can perceive the division. In one of them is a high natural arch, under which large boats can pass. Her Majesty's frigate *Thetis*, with all sails set, was steered in betwixt the shore and the nearest of these rocks. The inhabitants could hardly believe their eyes when they beheld the success of this rash experiment. It proved, however, the immense depth of the water in shore, and the extraordinary height of these lofty rocks, measured from their foundation at the bottom of the sea. A ship seen near them falls to the size of a child's toy: their color is a rich brown, their shape fantastically Gothic. All along this side of the island the cliffs take the strangest forms—pinnacles, arches, spires, flying

buttresses, all sorts of combinations, suggest themselves to the imaginative wanderer. Beyond the Farra Leone lay the Great Sea, rolling down towards unseen Sicily and Africa, felt only too palpably in its nightly sirocco blasts. And there on the low beach of rock a young man sat, and gazed over the trembling surf which whitened the narrow strand below, with such an intense yearning, such a piteous appeal to the unchecked seas and tameless winds, that my heart ached for him—an exile! I thought of Campbell's exquisite poem, "There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin," and from that moment the scene became consecrated to me with a higher spell than that of mere natural beauty.

We stayed long at Capri, roaming nightly over its rocky paths; and ever as we went, the place seemed haunted by these mournful-eyed exiles. They saw the myrtle plain, and the rock-wall silvered by moonlight, with far different emotions from ours. We had chosen to live in that lonely island; they were chained down to it like so many little Napoleons.

We could ramble freely even till midnight; but the drum called them into their hot, cheerless

quarters just when the outer world was most attractive.

Some of them were not ashamed to beg, being forbid to dig. We inquired their story from the judge, who was often with us in our walks, and he told us the following:—They had formed part of a brigade of volunteers, organized in 1848 to march against the Austrians in Lombardy. They were the free gift of the nation; and the king, sitting uneasily, like all his confraternity in those days, whose place was upon thrones, outwardly approved of their demonstrative patriotism, and himself saw them embark—thus sanctioning the enterprise. But alas! Austria triumphed; and the volunteers, as many as survived, trooped homewards, sorrowful and crestfallen. But little knew they what treachery awaited them at their sovereign's hands! "The same mouth," said St. James, "doth not send forth blessing and cursing;" but the apostle lived before the days of the Bourbons.

The king, quaking as much before the stern Austrian as he had done before the heady populace, ordered these remnants of a sanguinary defeat to be seized and flung into prison. War had pitied their fall from rapturous hope into black despair—

had abstained from smiting their body, even as Satan long dealt with Job; but the Bourbon claimed "skin for skin." At length in a merciful mood, he had seventy-five of them swept like garbage out of his city, and cast on the lonely, isolated little Capri, there to subsist on fourpence a-day, strictly overwatched by the military there. "Fourpence a-day!" said one of the exiles to us; "why it does not keep us in shoes!" and I believe him. I know we all wore out an incalculable number of strong shoes made on purpose for those stony tracts, during our month's residence on the island. The story of the young officer whom we had seen near the Farra Leone was still more touching.

He was of good family, and not personally compromised in any of the political questions. On the contrary, he had served the king on the bloody 18th of May, doing his duty conscientiously; though aware that his friends and relations were in the Garde Nationale, he had not withdrawn from the misery of meeting them in conflict; but shortly afterwards he was arrested, and sent a prisoner to Ponza, where for one whole year he was shut up in a town. He knew not how he had given offence to the government. His name was

Pomerini Santomaso. From Ponza he was dispatched to Capri, and there kept at large. I pitied him all the more for being in so gorgeous a prison. What an aggravation of captivity to see his home daily before him! Naples—so far, yet so distinct—separated from him by worse barriers than miles of fathomless waters, yet so clear in all its details, that perhaps his keen eye could discern the street in which his father dwelt; the ranges of white balcony, in one of which perhaps his mother might come to lean, and gaze across the Bay to that golden clasp at its outlet, the island of her son's exile! No wonder the captive man preferred to sit on the southern side, where only the wide sea-line spread, cheating his confined spirit with a glimpse of infinity. Perhaps he sent his thoughts madly over those seas to the great wild deserts of Sahara far beyond, and longed rather to run freely on its savage sands, than to live a prisoner in the torpid loveliness of Capri.

He was a gentlemanly youth to behold, cleanly, well-shaven, and well-mannered. The judge—a Corsican by birth, and not very tame of blood—had probably some sympathy with his hard case; he consorted openly with him, playing

draughts with him in a certain wretched little *café*, or smoking amicably bad tobacco in the open air.

Every evening we used thus to find them, if Sig. Bourgeois, the judge, were not officially employed ; and they greeted us with all the Italian courtesy as we passed through the old arch of the city gate, on our way to visit three ladies of our own country. These ladies had repaired to Capri on the strength of its fine air and cheap living. But they had a preference for English fare, and “butcher meat ;” and I have already told you how the market prospered. Moreover, to enjoy the scenery of this rugged rock, you must have tireless limbs as well as sound lungs ; and one of the sisters was asthmatic, the other rheumatic, besides having greatly impaired eyesight.

Amiable, lively, and hospitable, they were ill-fitted for the indolent solitude which Tiberius so much loved ; and the experiment, so far as their happiness was concerned, was a failure. They had gone to a house previously engaged for them by a gentleman well known in Campania as “the King of Capri,”—a whimsical invalid, who having found the place agree with his own peculiar constitution, recommended it for the most opposite complaints.

He did not find the island lonely, for he possessed vineyards and land, and took all the minute interest of an hereditary proprietor in his acquisitions and his crops.

He had chosen for his friends a house looking, not towards Naples the distinct, but Sicily the invisible. Moreover, it had small, low rooms; and if you opened the window you were deafened by the noisy rabble of children playing in the street, and by dawdling mothers disputing from window to window across the dirty narrow alleys.

I much preferred our terrace low down upon the shore. Formerly the island-metropolis was also built upon the beach on the only little harbor which the place possesses. But the perpetual inroads of the Turks obliged the inhabitants to retreat upwards to the ridge or spine of rock which commands both seas, and which, when girded with ramparts and towers, proved nearly impregnable. The English and French found this in the days of Nelson, when they struggled together to possess the golden seal of the Neapolitan Bay.

But elderly maiden ladies can hardly be sensible of these advantages; and the fortified little city was full, alas! of evil smells, bad drains, and

loud quarrelling voices, from which you could not escape. I think the extreme beauty of many of the young viragos rather aggravated the annoyance; you were provoked doubly, by the charm and by its incessantly breaking before your eyes.

At length there came something to interest our countrywomen, just as they were fairly tired of Capri and its stony magnificence. One evening as they sat at work on their terrace (which commanded a fine prospect of gray roofs and red chimney pots), they saw a fire suddenly bursting forth in a house not far off.

Now, generally speaking, in Italy we are not much afraid of fire. The thickness of the house walls, the massive stone staircases, the solid stone floors, the paucity of furniture, and largeness of the rooms; these causes combine to diminish in great measure the perils of a conflagration.

The same accident which burned to the ground Raggett's Hotel in London, only burnt a set of bed-curtains and a chair in Florence. And I have more than once seen the beginning of a conflagration which in England would have spread from house to house, and from street to street, in Italy

got under in an hour, leaving one scorched room as proof of its prowess.

Were it otherwise, human life would be in continual danger, for no people are more habitually careless of fire than are the Italians. They burn it on low hearths, unprotected by fender, or guard, or bar; they carry it about in earthen baskets, spilling many a red-hot cinder on their path: they stoop over it with flowing petticoats, as it smoulders in the open brazier; nay the women keep it under their clothes as they sit, often rising up forgetfully, and upsetting the hot ashes on the floor.

Imagine the consequence in houses where wood is the predominating material!

There must have been something unusual in this Capri fire, for very soon the building was in flames, the wind blew in the direction of the English ladies' house, and their alarm was not unreasonable. They sent for the judge, Sig. Bourgeois: he was absent on business at the other end of the island—nay, I believe he had gone over to Sorrento.

The women were shrieking on the "*Maronna*," as the Capriote dialect hath it: the men stood

paralyzed, gazing at the torrents of flame which every moment burst out in stronger gushes. The hot breath of the devouring element came nearer and nearer to the English ladies, till they felt it on their cheeks.

The young exiled officer, Pomerini Santomaso, saw the accident. He called rapidly on his fellow-exiles. With all the sudden energy of a strong man roused, he directed how they were to act. Without hesitation, seventeen of these rushed into the flames. A woman and a child were shut up in a room so surrounded by smoke and fire that escape seemed impossible ; but the exiles succeeded in rescuing them, and finally put out the fire by pulling down the whole of the woodwork, and thus depriving the flames of further fuel. If we consider the site of this conflagration, on the top of a strong ridge, on an island that has only one well within reach (for the others are either low down on the beach, or far away at Ana-capri the inaccessible), we shall better appreciate the heroism of the banished men. There was no appliance as in cities, no fire-engines, nor even fire-buckets, ranged in comely rows at the town portal, as I saw at Nuremberg: the only water to be had came from

a little distance, and was carried in little heavy earthen jars.

It would have tasked too much all their energies, had not a little rain fallen towards the close of their labors, which prevented the wind from carrying the flames any further; as it was, the house, a large one, of many stories, as is common abroad, was utterly destroyed. When it was all over, and the English ladies felt safe, great was their gratitude. But one of them, whom I shall call Miss Letitia, was of that order of minds who cannot expend feeling in mere words. She was longing to act, and in her own generous heart imputed to others the same vivid emotions as she felt.

"If the king," cried she, "knew the gallant conduct of these poor men, whom he has torn from family and home, surely he would see that they are good subjects, he would grant them grace." Aye, but who was to inform him? Officials of a despotic government are more used to informing against individuals than in favor of them. The Bourbon has many spies to tell him of his children's errors, none to bring to light their virtues. The restoration of one disgraced is not an every-day event in Campania.

These poor men, too poor to bribe, too insignificant to threaten, might have done a thousand such heroic deeds ere their jailors cared to make it known. But there was a brave-hearted woman there, with more moral courage under her cap-ribbons than exists under all the shakos and helmets of the Neapolitan army.

“Rather than let such spirits pine away their lives here, I will write myself,” quoth she; and write she did.

She sent for all the names of those personally engaged at the fire; fourteen were all that she could procure. She enclosed the piece of paper containing these names, exactly as they put them into her supplica, or petition; and the whole was duly forwarded to his majesty. I can fancy Miss Letitia’s anxiety when the bark pushed fairly off.

Ten days elapsed, and then came a boat full of gens d’armes, with an order to the judge of the island, that those fourteen were free. The one who had supplied the names to Miss Letitia, a fine young Calabrian, came to thank her; they were called over, he said, in rotation, to hear the good news from the judge, exactly as the names were written in Miss Letitia’s list.

The judge, however, would not believe that the "Signora Inglise" had any thing to do with it.

Miss Letitia and her sister, with happy hearts, went down to the beach to see the embarkation of the liberated ones. O, how I would have liked to have seen the sight! but long ere that I had left the island in ill health.

The young men crowded round their benevolent friend, and kissed her hands repeatedly; in the warmth of their gratitude they did the same to her sister, who, if less energetic, was to the full as sympathizing. There was a woman among them, happier even than the respited prisoners. She was the mother of one; she had fallen sick, probably from long anxiety and hope deferred, and had been permitted to come over to Capri to see him. Now she was returning with him to freedom, at least to that diluted freedom which despots bestow upon their subjects. Another of the exiles was the nephew of the famous singer, Lablache, the son of his sister.

But in the middle of this joy were some sad faces—the other three, whose names had been omitted from the pardon. Seventeen had distinguished themselves at the fire, but only fourteen

had been mentioned in the list. They reminded Miss Letitia of this.

"You furnished me with only fourteen names," she replied; "but I am willing to try once more to melt the royal heart."

And this noble woman, who never wearied in well doing, prepared herself for what is always an obnoxious task, the repetition of a request. On the beach there, in presence of all the exiles, she had the three omitted names scribbled on a dirty slip of paper, the best produce of a Capriote *escritoire*. Then in a joyous little party, the fourteen set sail for Naples, their hearts bounding in them that they were free.

And do you really think they were, my dear readers? Alas! they had found favor in the eyes of the King, but they were still in the clutches of his vile harriers.

They landed at Naples, not to reach home and embrace rejoicing relatives—oh, no; simply to go to prison!

You see the Bourbon definition of liberty! It was a great favor to allow them to exchange the large prison of Capri, vaulted by the sky, for one of the gloomy, damp dungeons of the Castel del

Ovo, on whose weedy walls the waves beat unresistingly.

Miss Letitia was in agony. After all her exertions, was this the result? She wrote to the King again, with the other three names, and another boat with *gens d'armes* came and fetched them, and took them to the pleasant variety of a metropolitan jail. I suspect, on this latter embarkation, the raptures were less demonstrative. They had already had a sermon on the text, "Put not your trust in princes." Miss Letitia applied to the police. She was informed that it was requisite for each pardoned exile to find some respectable person, willing to answer as caution or bail, for their future good conduct. You may believe how difficult this was of attainment in a nation of spies and of concealed traitors, where every man suspected his neighbor, and friends were betrayed by familiar friends. Read the defence of Carlo Poerie, and say, my English brother, how you would like to answer for the good conduct of any man among a society such as he depicts, from fatal experience of its treachery. One or two, however, did obtain this bail; most of them languished till Christmas, the fire having occurred about the end of August.

But their good angel flagged not in her care ; she went herself to the police office ; she had an interview with the director of the police. Ah ! it must have been a fine contrast—those two human spirits thus brought into contact. The British woman, honest, fearless, self-forgetting, pleading ardently the cause of the oppressed ; and the Neapolitan man, cunning, courteous, and remorselessly untruthful, glossing over the vices of the administration, with smooth lies and quicksand promises !

At last, however, the good genius triumphed, and Miss Letitia had her reward. The seventeen were free ! offering up thanksgivings in all the churches, I can answer for them, for the mercies vouchsafed by the Madonna, the King, and the Signora Inglise !

But woe that there is still a dark place !—that after all I dare not say freely, “ Well done, Ferdinando Secondo ! ”

He who directed the whole exertions at the fire, who summoned his fellow-exiles, who superintended, encouraged, and shared their danger, the brave and gentle Pomerini Santomaso is still an exile and a prisoner. For him no grace, for him no return : his mother may sit in vain at her balcony, and

gaze across the seas; no little boat-full of *gens d'armes* brings back her banished son.

His fate must be sadder than ever now, left alone in that solitary isle, from whose beach he has twice seen men more deeply implicated in rebellion than himself return to liberty and home.

You must not think that Miss Letitia deserted him : she wrote again and again, petitioning the King and the Police (I wonder which of these twain are the more arbitrary). The officer himself feels convinced that there is some secret enemy of his, who has the royal ear, and who prejudices the sovereign against him. Happy country, where the freedom of an innocent man hangs in such a balance !

I have ended. No doubt it was a royal deed, the pardoning of those seventeen ; I cannot call it generous, for the previous act of sending them there involved as much baseness and treachery as would blacken a whole lifetime. But it was just. And it is a more sublimely difficult thing for a Bourbon to be just than for a Victoria to be magnanimous.

We cannot in our land comprehend the dire influences of evil education, wicked courtiers, mean advisers, and a degrading superstition bearing on

the character of a Neapolitan king. The best of them have been *fainéants*, the worst have been tyrants. Honor then to Ferdinando Secondo, that he could for once push aside the heavy trappings of his mischievous government, and answer directly a direct and simple appeal to his better feelings. He has shown us that even for him it is possible to be a good king, once in a way; and we could weep tears of blood to think how seldom, how very seldom he has been allowed to have that opportunity.

Vice, licentiousness, and frivolity are the characteristics of his court; falsehood, cruelty, and rapacity the engines of his government; brute ignorance, hopeless slavery, an utter incapacity for truth or honor the effects upon his people! How can I say, Well done, Ferdinando Secondo, without a sigh, when I remember thee, Pomerini Santomaso?

SHE'S DEAD!

BY W. C. BENNETT.

THE sycamore shall hear its bees again—
The willow droop its green adown the sun;
But thou, O heart, shalt yearn for spring in vain!—
Thy Mays are done!

Even from the graveyard-elms the rook shall caw
Of love; of love the dove shall make its moan;
New Springs shall see the bliss my glad Spring saw—
I, grief alone.

O heart! to whose sweet pulses danced the year,
The dirge above thy gladness hath been sung;
The faded hours upon thy youth's sad bier
Have grave-flowers flung!

She died—and with her died, O life, for thee,
The flush of love, and all hope's cloudless dreams!
Sunless—of mirth henceforth thou, heart, must see
But moonlight-gleams.

O, shrouded sweetness! Lo! those lips are white;
The roses of the year no more are red!
What is the silver lily to our sight?
Thou—thou art fled!

O, life! O, sadness! thou the deepening gloom
Of dying Autumn for thy skies would'st crave—
Would'st see all beauty, withering to the tomb,
Fade o'er her grave!

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THE INNKEEPER'S SON.

BY W. M.

THE night was dark, the storm was loud,
The ground was shrouded white ;
The weary horseman spurred his steed
Swift towards the distant light.

His way had been a toilsome one ;
He sought the roadside inn,
As pilgrims on life's dreary road
Oft seek a heav'n to win.

He reached the door and loudly knocked,
Yet long was forced to wait—
For sleep had seized on all within—
The hour was very late.

But roused at length the landlord rose,
With many a snarl and yawn,
And let the stranger seek his fire,
And rest until the dawn.

The dawn came round—yet still the horse
Was in the stable found—
And ne'er again did meet his ear
His master's footsteps' sound.

The innkeeper was grim and old—
A man of bad renown ;
'T was said by many, far and near,
That death was in his frown.

Wild stories were abroad—men said
However bleak the night,
The traveller should keep away
From Bullman's house of fright.

The neighbors met in conference,
And loud the clamor grew ;
They said the innkeeper should bide
The law's deep-searching view.

But ere their purpose could be shown,
The innkeeper in bed
Was found one morning, in his gore—
All ghastly—stony—dead.

And by his side a paper lay,
Enough all hearts to fright !—
Confessing slaughter of his son—
The traveller of that night.

The son had long been o'er the wave;
Estranged had be become—
And thus at his own father's inn,
He found a bloody home!

They buried Bullman near his son—
Aveng'd by his own hand;
The roadside inn stood idle there,
And shunn'd on ev'ry hand.

THE HEIRESS AND HER WOOERS;

OR

TELL THE TRUTH ALWAYS.

BY MRS. ABBY.

"As the Diamond excels every jewel we find,
So Truth is the one peerless gem of the mind!"

A NEW tragedy was about to be brought forth at the Haymarket Theatre. Report spoke loudly of its merits, and report touched closely on the name of its author. Either Talbot or Stratford must have written it; those regular attendants at rehearsal, who seemed equally interested in every situation, equally at home in every point, throughout the piece. Some said that it was a Beaumont and Fletcher concern, in which both parties were equally implicated; and this conjecture did not appear improbable, for the young men in question

were indeed united together in bonds of more than ordinary friendship. They had been schoolfellows and brother-collegians; each was in the enjoyment of an easy independence, and their tastes, pursuits, and ways of living were very similar. So congenial, indeed, were they in taste, that they had both fixed their preference on the same lady! Adelaide Linley was an accomplished and pretty heiress, who, fortunately for them, was the ward of Mr. Grayson, an eminent solicitor, with whom they had recently renewed an early acquaintance. Rivalry, however, failed of its usual effect in their case, it created no dissension between them; indeed the manner of Adelaide was very far removed from coquetry, and although it was evident that she preferred the friends to the rest of her wooers, she showed to neither of them evidence of any feeling beyond those of friendship and good will.

The night of the tragedy arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Grayson, their ward, and two or three of her "wooers," were in attendance before the rising of the curtain; they were just as ignorant as other people touching the precise identity of the dramatist about to encounter the awful fiat of the public. Talbot and Stratford were sheltered in the deep re-

cesses of a private box : had they been in a public one, nobody could have doubted which was the hero of the evening. Talbot's flushed cheek, eager eye, and nervous restlessness, plainly indicated that the tragedy was not written on the Beaumont and Fletcher plan, but that it owed its existence entirely to himself.

The curtain rose ; the tragedy was admirably performed, and many of the speeches were beautifully written ; but it lacked the indescribable charm of stage effect, so necessary to stage success ; the last act was heavy and uninteresting, great disapprobation was expressed, and finally another piece was announced for the succeeding evening !

Adelaide was much concerned ; it mattered nothing to her whether the play was written by Talbot or Stratford : she wished well to each of them, and sympathized in the disappointment of the author. Talbot, who had anticipated stepping forward to the front of the box, and gracefully bowing his acknowledgments to the applauding audience, now found himself under the necessity of making an abrupt exit, muttering invectives on their stupidity ; and Stratford repaired to his own lodgings, aware that Talbot, in the present state of his mind,

was unfitted for the society even of his favorite friend. The next morning, Stratford had half finished breakfast when Talbot entered the room. Stratford was about to accost him with a lively remark, that "he hoped the severity of the audience had not spoiled his night's rest;" but a momentary glance at his friend told him that such a remark would be cruelly sarcastic: it was quite clear that his night's rest *had* been spoiled; it was quite clear that what had been "sport" to the public had been "death" to the dramatist; it was quite clear that the "Russian Brothers," although they had ceased to exist on the boards of the Haymarket theatre, were still hovering about like shadowy apparitions, "to plague the inventor!"

"Read these papers," said Talbot, placing four or five newspapers in the hands of Stratford, "and do not wonder that I look and feel miserable at having thus exposed myself to the derision of the world."

Stratford hastily finished a cup of coffee, and pushed away a just broken egg; it seemed quite unfeeling to think of eating and drinking in the presence of so much wretchedness. He turned to the dramatic article of one newspaper after another,

expecting to find his friend victimized, slandered, and laughed to scorn ; but in reality, as my readers may perhaps be prepared to hear, the critiques were very fair, reasonable critiques, indeed ; and it was only the sensitiveness of the author which had converted them into weapons of offence.

“I am sure,” said Stratford, after the scrutiny was concluded, “the dramatic critic of the ‘Times’ speaks very kindly of you ; does not he say that there is much beauty in many of the speeches, only that the drama is unsuited for representation?”

“Exactly so,” replied Talbot, drily ; “the only defect he finds in it is, that it is perfectly unsuited for the purpose for which it was written !”

“But,” persisted Stratford, “he says that he is certain you would succeed better in a second attempt.”

“As I shall most assuredly never make a second attempt,” replied Talbot, “his opinion, or that of any one else on the subject, is of very little importance to me.”

“Surely, however,” said Stratford, “it is better to receive the commendation of writers of judgment and ability, than the applause of the one-

shilling gallery. Arbuscula was an actress on the Roman stage, who laughed at the hisses of the populace, while she received the applause of the knights."

Talbot only replied to this anecdote by a muttered exclamation of impatience.

And here let me give a few words of advice to my readers. Whenever you condole with those in trouble, do it in the old-fashioned cut-and-dried way; it is true that your stock phrases and tedious truisms may cause you to be called a bore, but thousands of highly respectable condoling friends have been called bores before you, and thousands will be called so after you. But if you diverge at all from the beaten track, and attempt to introduce a literary allusion, or venture on a classical illustration, depend upon it you will be cited ever afterwards as an extremely hard-hearted person, intent alone on displaying your own wit or wisdom, instead of properly entering into the sorrows of your friend.

"The 'Morning Chronicle,' " resumed Stratford, "speaks highly of the scene between the brothers at the end of the second act."

"Yes," replied Talbot, "and the 'Morning Chron-

icle' winds up its critique by advising me never to write another drama."

"Did you not say just now that you never intended to do so?" asked Stratford.

"How I wish, Stratford," exclaimed Talbot, impetuously, "that I could make you enter into my feelings. How very differently you would think and speak if *you* were the author of a condemned tragedy!"

"I do not consider," said Stratford, "that if such were the case, I should in any respect think or speak differently. I should feel far more pleasure in knowing that I had written a work which deserved to be successful, than mortification at the want of good taste in a mixed and misjudging audience which had caused it to fail of success."

Stratford having been unfortunate in his previous attempts at consolation, had taken some pains to devise a prettily turned speech; but he little thought how completely successful it would prove—the countenance of Talbot actually lighted up with pleasure.

"Are you really sincere in what you have said?" he replied. "I have a particular reason for wishing to know; do not reply to me in a hurry; take a few minutes for consideration."

Somewhat surprised, Stratford began the course of mental examination prescribed by his friend ; and the result of it was, that although he had only meant to speak civilly, he found that he had been speaking truly ; for Stratford had a great admiration for literary talents, and a great wish to possess them ; he also knew that Adelaide Linley was a warm admirer of dramatic poetry ; he could not doubt that her judgment would lead her to approve of the "Russian Brothers;" and in regard to its condemnation, she, like every other intelligent person, must be fully aware that the plays that read best in the closet are often least adapted to the stage.

"I have considered the matter again," said Stratford, after a pause, "and I repeat what I previously said ; I should be glad to be the author of the 'Russian Brothers,' even although it has been condemned ; but after all, Talbot, how useless is this conversation ! no good wishes on your part, or aspiring wishes on my own, can make me the author of a drama to which I never contributed an idea or a line."

"Yet," said Talbot, "I do not see why the business might not be arranged to our mutual satisfac-

tion. You wish to be known as the author of this play ; I, perhaps foolishly and irritably, repent that I ever wrote it ; no one but ourselves is aware which of us is the author : why should you not own it ? I will most joyfully give up my claim to you."

Stratford was a little startled at this proposition.

"But, should the deception be discovered," he said, "people will allege that, like the jay, I have been strutting in borrowed plumes."

"Not at all," replied Talbot ; "your plumes are not borrowed, but are willingly bestowed upon you by the owner ; besides, how should any discovery ensue, except from our own disclosures ? You, of course, will not wish to disown what you consider it a credit to gain ; and for myself, I give you my word, that should the 'Russian Brothers' be destined to attain high celebrity at a future day, I shall never assert my rights of paternity—they are the children of your adoption ; but remember, you adopt them for life."

"Willingly," replied Stratford ; "and now let us pay a visit at Mr. Grayson's house. Doubtless, the fair Adelaide will be impatient to pour balm into

the wounds suffered by one of her adorers ; pity is sometimes akin to love."

"It is more frequently akin to contempt," murmured Talbot, in too low a voice to be heard ; but nevertheless the friends proceeded on their way, talking much less cheerfully, and looking much less contented than might be supposed, when it is considered that they had recently entered into a compact so satisfactory to both of them. I wish I could say that conscience bore any share in their disquietude, and that each felt grieved and humiliated at the idea that he was violating the sacred purity of truth ; but such was not the case. Either Talbot or Stratford would have shrunk from the idea of telling a falsehood of malignity or dishonesty ; but the polite untruths of convenience or flattery were as "household words" in their vocabulary. A dim foreboding of evil, however, now seemed to overshadow them. Talbot had something of the same sensation which a man may be supposed to have, who has cast off a troublesome child in a fit of irritation. His tragedy had been a source of great disappointment and mortification to him ; but still it was his own, it had derived existence from him ; he had spent many tedious

days and nights watching over it before he could bring it to perfection ; he was not quite happy in the idea that he had for ever made over all right and title in it to another. Stratford also was somewhat dispirited ; he could not help thinking about a paper in the 'Spectator' concerning a "Mountain of Miseries," where Jupiter allowed every one to lay down his own misery, and take up that of another person, each individual in the end being bitterly dissatisfied with the result of the experiment. Stratford had laid down his literary insignificance, and taken up the burden of unsuccessful authorship : should he live to repent it ? This in the course of a little time will appear.

Adelaide Linley sat in the drawing-room of her guardian, eagerly awaiting a visit from her two favorite admirers. She was not alone, neither was one of her "woosers" with her. Her companion was a quiet-looking young man, whose personal appearance had nothing in it to recommend him to notice, although a physiognomist would have been struck with the good expression of his countenance. His name was Alton, and he was the confidential clerk of her guardian. He had never presumed to address the heiress, save with distant respect ;

but she valued him for the excellent qualities which had made him a high favorite with Mr. Grayson, and always treated him with kindness and consideration. On the present occasion, however, she was evidently somewhat out of humor, and accepted the sheet of paper from him, on which he had been transcribing for her some passages from a new poem, with a cold expression of thanks. Alton lingered a moment at the door of the room. "There is peculiar beauty," he said, "in the closing lines of the last passage."

"There is," replied the heiress, carelessly; "but I should scarcely have thought, Mr. Alton, that you would have taken much interest in poetry: why did you not accompany us last night, to see the new tragedy, although so repeatedly pressed to do so?"

"I had a reason for declining to go, Miss Linley," said Alton.

"Probably you disapprove of dramatic representations," said Adelaide; "in which case I approve your consistency and conscientiousness in refusing to frequent them."

Alton would have liked to be approved by Adelaide; but he liked to speak the truth still better.

“That was not my reason,” he replied; “I do not disapprove of the drama, nor could I expect any thing that was not perfectly excellent and unexceptionable from the reputed authors of the tragedy in question—I had another reason.”

“May I beg to know it?” said Adelaide, half in jest and half in earnest.

Alton’s cheek became flushed, but he replied, “I am not in the habit of withholding the truth, when expressly asked for it. I never go to public amusements, because I object to the expense.”

Alton could scarcely have made any speech that would more have lowered him in Adelaide’s estimation. The young can make allowance for “the good old gentlemanly vice” of avarice, in those who have lived so many years in the world that gathering gold appears to them as suitable a pastime for age as that of gathering flowers for childhood; but avarice in youth, like a lock of white hair in the midst of sunny curls, seems sadly out of its place. Adelaide knew that Alton received a liberal stipend from her guardian, and that he had also inherited some property from a cousin; he had not any near relations, he was doubtless hoarding entirely for his own profit; he was a

gold worshipper in a small way, accumulating the precious metal by petty economies in London, instead of going out manfully to dig it up by lumps in California! She therefore merely replied, "You are very *prudent*, Mr. Alton," with a marked and meaning intonation of the last word, which converted it into a severe epigram, and took up a book with an air of such unmistakable coldness, that the discomfited economist was glad to beat a retreat. Adelaide's solitude was soon more agreeably enlivened by the arrival of Talbot and Stratford. Talbot quickly dispelled all embarrassment as to the subject of the tragedy, by playfully saying, "I bring with me an ill-fated author, who I am sure you will agree with me deserved much better treatment than he has met with."

Hereupon, Adelaide offered words of consolation, and very sweet, kind, and winning words they were; indeed, Stratford deemed them quite sufficient to compensate for the failure of a tragedy; but then, we must remember that Stratford was not really the author of the "Russian Brothers;" his wounds were only fictitious, and therefore it was no very difficult task to heal them. Possibly Talbot might have felt a little uneasy at Adelaide's

excess of kindness, had he been present during the whole of Stratford's visit; but Talbot had soon made his escape to his club; he had several friends there, who suspected him of having written the tragedy of the preceding night; a few hours ago he had dreaded the idea of meeting them; but now he encountered them with fearless openness, expressing his concern for the failure of Stratford's tragedy, and remarking that "the poor fellow was so terribly cut up about it, that he had advised him to keep quiet for a few days, and let the affair blow over."

Talbot and Stratford dined together; both were in good spirits; neither of them had yet begun to feel any of the evils of the deceptive course they were pursuing. A week passed, and the sky was no longer so fair and cloudless. Adelaide's pity for Stratford was evidently far more akin to love than contempt; she was an admirer of genius, and was never wearied of talking about the tragedy, which had really made a deep impression upon her. She requested Stratford to let her have the rough copy of it; the request was not so embarrassing as might be supposed, for Stratford had been obliged to ask Talbot to give it to him, that he might be

able to answer Adelaide's continual questions as to the conduct of the story and development of the characters: the handwriting of the friends was very similar, and the blotted, interlined manuscript revealed no secrets as to its especial inditer. "Remember," said Adelaide, as she playfully received it, "that I consider this as a gift, not as a loan; it will probably be introduced into various circles."

Talbot was present at the time, and felt a pang of inexpressible acuteness at the idea of the offspring of his own brain being paraded in "various circles" as the production of Stratford. He could not offer any opposition to Adelaide's intentions; but he revenged himself by constant taunting allusions to the mortifications of an unsuccessful dramatist, shunned by the manager, scorned by the performers, and even a subject of sarcastic pity to the scene-shifters!

These speeches hurt and offended Stratford, especially as they were always made in the presence of Captain Nesbitt, another of the "woosers" of the heiress, who shared Talbot's newly-born jealousy of Stratford, and consequently was delighted both to prompt and keep up any line of conversation likely to humiliate him in the

presence of his lady-love. A short time ago Talbot and Stratford had been generous and amicable rivals; but they had ceased to walk together in peace from the period when they entered on the crooked paths of dissimulation. When Adelaide had attentively read the manuscript tragedy, she transcribed it in a fair hand; she had already fixed on a destination for it. One of the oldest friends of Adelaide's late father was a fashionable London publisher. Adelaide had kept up frequent intercourse with him, and waited on him with her manuscript, secure of being kindly received, even if he did not grant her request. Fortunately, however, for her, he had been present at the representation of the "Russian Brothers," and had been extremely struck with the beauty of the dialogue, and he readily agreed to print it. When the proofs were ready, Adelaide, quite sure that she should be giving great pleasure to Stratford, announced to him what she had done.

Stratford nervously started, and gave a hurried, apprehensive glance at Talbot.

"It will be certain to be a favorite with the reading public, will it not?" said Adelaide, addressing Talbot.

"I am sure it will," answered Talbot, with animation, forgetting for the moment every thing but that he was the author of the "Russian Brothers," and that the "Russian Brothers" was going to be printed. "How well the scene will read between the brothers at the end of the second act!"

"It will indeed," returned Adelaide, with an approving glance at Talbot, whom she had lately suspected of being somewhat envious of the genius of his rival; "really we must try and inspire our friend with a little more confidence. I don't think he is at all aware of his own talents."

"I don't think he is, indeed," said Talbot, with a distant approach to a sneer.

"But my favorite passage," pursued Adelaide, "is the soliloquy of Orloff in the third act. Will you repeat it Mr. Stratford?"

Stratford began to repeat it as blunderingly and monotonously as he had been wont to repeat "My name is Norval" in his schoolboy days; but Talbot quickly took possession of it, and recited it with feeling and spirit.

"How strange it is," said Adelaide, "that authors rarely give effect to their own writings! But how beautiful is the sentiment of that speech

—more beautiful, I think, every time one hears it. How did you feel, Mr. Stratford, when you wrote those lines?"

Stratford declared, with sincerity, that he had not the slightest recollection how he felt; and Adelaide asked Talbot to repeat another speech, and praised his memory and feeling, in return for which he praised her good taste. Poor Talbot, he was somewhat in the position of the hero of a German tale: a kind of metempsychosis seemed to have taken place in relation to himself and his friend, and he did not know whether to be delighted that his tragedy should be admired, or angry that it should be admired as the composition of Stratford. All contradictory feelings, however, merged into unmistakable resentment and discontent when the tragedy was published: it became decidedly popular; the Reviews accorded wonderfully in their commendation of it, and the first edition was speedily sold off. Stratford's name was not prefixed to it, at his own especial request; he did not want to plunge deeper into the mazes of falsehood than he had already done. But Talbot had proclaimed with such unwearied perserverance that Stratford was the author

of the condemned tragedy, that his name on the title-page would have been quite an unnecessary identification. Poor Talbot! he certainly had much to try his patience at present. Stratford received abundance of invitations in virtue of his successful authorship; he went to many parties in the character of a lion, where he was treated with much solemn reverence, and his most commonplace remark was evidently treasured as the quintessence of wit and judgment. These festivities Talbot did not wish to share. But frequently Stratford was invited to literary, *real* literary parties, where every body in the room was celebrated for doing something better than it is done by people in general; and were any half-dozen guests taken at random from the assemblage, they would have sufficed to stud an ordinary party with stars. Here Stratford was introduced to brilliant novelists, exquisite poets, profound scholars, and men of searching science. Here also he met with literary women as gentle and unassuming as they were gifted and celebrated, who wore their laurels with as much simplicity as if they had been wild flowers; and who, so far from possessing any of the old-fashioned pedantry which has aptly been

defined as "intellectual tight lacing," were ready to converse on the most trite and every-day subjects—casting, however, over every subject on which they conversed the pure and cheering sunshine of genius.

All these new acquaintances of Stratford's were extremely kind and encouraging in their manner towards him, inquiring into his tastes and employments, praising him for that which he had already done, and encouraging him to do more in future. Such society and such conversation would have realized Talbot's earliest aspirations, and he could not willingly cede those privileges to a man who had never written half-a-dozen lines to deserve them. Yet Talbot was not a vain nor a selfish man; had Stratford been really gifted by nature with superior abilities to his own, he would have been quite satisfied that he should have reaped the harvest of them. But that Stratford should be distinguished at once by the notice of the gifted ones of earth, and by the smiles of Adelaide Linley, and that he might himself have been occupying that doubly enviable position, had he only kept in the simple path of truth—it was indeed a trial to the nerves and to the temper. At length, one day, when the rivals were alone, the smouldering fire burst forth.

"I am very much surprised, Stratford," said Talbot, flattering himself that he was speaking in a remarkably cool, self-possessed tone, when in reality his cheeks were flushed with excitement, and his voice trembled with irritation—"I am very much surprised that you can continue from day to day to enjoy literary celebrity to which you must feel that you have not the shadow of a claim."

Stratford did not return an angry answer to his friend; he was on the winning side, and successful people can always afford to be good-tempered. "I do not see," he replied, "how I can possibly escape all the marks of kindness and distinction that are shown to me."

"Have you any wish to escape them?" asked Talbot, sneeringly.

"Before you reproach me," said Stratford, "I think you should remember at whose suggestion the deception was first entered into."

"I did not foresee the consequences," said Talbot.

"Pardon me," said Stratford; "the consequences *were* foreseen by both of us. I remarked that I was unwilling to strut, like the jay, in borrowed plumes; and you replied that if the 'Russian

Brothers' attained the greatest celebrity, you would never assert your rights of paternity."

"You certainly possess an excellent memory," said Talbot, sarcastically, "whatever other mental attributes you may be deficient in. I remember the promise of secrecy to which you allude, but no promise was made on *your* part; therefore if you are inclined to descend from your usurped position, and give it up to the rightful owner, there is no cause why you should refrain from doing so."

"And can you really," asked Stratford, with surprise, "expect that I should expose myself to the censure and ridicule of society for the purpose of reinstating you in rights which you voluntarily made over to me?"

Talbot paused some time before he replied. "I feel," he said, "that I have expected too much. I rescind my proposal. I will only require you to make known the truth under a strict promise of secrecy to one individual."

"And that individual is Adelaide Linley, I conclude," said Stratford.

"It is," replied Talbot: "let Adelaide but know me as I really am, and I do not heed—at least I will endeavor not to heed—the opinion of the

world ; besides, Stratford, recollect that if you marry Adelaide, she must certainly find out the deception eventually ; she can never believe that the fount of poetry has suddenly dried up within you ; no doubt, indeed, she has already begun to wonder that you have not given vent to ‘a woful sonnet made to your mistress’s eyebrow.’ ”

Stratford returned no answer, but the conversation left a deep impression on his mind ; and he felt that it would indeed be the most honest and upright course that he could pursue, to confess the whole truth to Adelaide, and then silently to withdraw himself from the literary society of which he was so little calculated to be a member. Nor was this resolution of Stratford’s so great a sacrifice as might be imagined ; he had for some time felt himself very little at ease among his brilliant new associates ; he was aware that he was only “cloth of frieze,” although circumstances had for a time matched him with “cloth of gold.” He could not respond to the literary quotations and allusions constantly made in his presence. He had heard some wonder expressed that he had no scraps in his portfolio to show confidentially to admiring friends ; and the editor of a leading periodical had kindly sug-

gested to him a subject for a tale in blank verse, which, if written at all in the style of the tragedy, should, he said, receive immediate attention from him. Then, in other circles, young ladies had requested contributions for their albums, and Adelaide had more than once expressed her wish to have new words written for some of her favorite old airs.

Stratford, the morning after his conversation with Talbot, sought the presence of Adelaide, resolved that, if his courage did not fail him, he would make a confession of his misdeeds, and an offer of his hand and heart before he left the house. He found Adelaide, as he had wished, alone; she was reading a letter when he entered, and it dropped on the ground as she rose to receive him; he lifted it up, and recognized the hand in which it was written; it was that of Captain Nesbitt, and the letter appeared to be of some length. Stratford felt disposed to be rather jealous; Captain Nesbitt was well connected, remarkably handsome, very lively, and had, like Captain Absolute, "an air of success about him which was mighty provoking."

"Do not let me interrupt your perusal of that letter," he said, rather coldly and stiffly.

"You have doubtless," said Adelaide with a smile, "seen the handwriting; you do not prevent me from reading the letter—I have just finished it: and although your visit may cause my answer to it to be delayed a little while longer, the delay is of no manner of importance, since I shall only write a few lines of no very agreeable purport."

"I pity the poor fellow from my heart," exclaimed Stratford, and he spoke with sincerity; he could afford to pity Captain Nesbitt when he knew that Adelaide was about to reject him.

"He does not deserve your pity," said Adelaide.

"Can the gentle and kind-hearted Adelaide express herself so harshly?" asked Stratford, feeling more and more generously inclined towards his rival, when he saw how much he was disdained.

"I must explain myself," said Adelaide: "for I should be very sorry that you (and the delighted lover actually fancied that he detected a slight emphasis on the word *you*) should believe me to be hard-hearted and unkind. Captain Nesbitt has considerably fallen in my estimation during the last few days. I have received abundant proofs that he does not always love and respect the truth."

Stratford began to feel rather nervous ; he had a particular dislike to conversation which turned on the subject of love and respect for the truth.

“Captain Nesbitt,” continued Adelaide, “when he first became acquainted with me, informed me, that although his present property was but limited, he expected to succeed to the estates of an old and infirm uncle residing in Wales. I was lately in company with a family who happened to live in the immediate neighborhood of this wealthy old uncle ; he has indeed large estates, but he has two sons in excellent health, to inherit them.”

Adelaide here paused, expecting to hear an exclamation of indignant surprise from Stratford ; but it was not uttered. Stratford was by no means troubled with an over development of conscientiousness, and it appeared to him that Captain Nesbitt had committed a very venial offence in keeping two Welsh cousins in the background, who might have interfered so materially with his interests.

“Doubtless,” he at length remarked, “this subterfuge on Captain Nesbitt’s part was owing to the excess of his affection for you.”

“I doubt it very much,” said Adelaide ; “affection is always prone to overrate the good qualities

of its object; now Captain Nesbitt must have greatly underrated mine, if he could deem it likely that, possessing as I do an ample sufficiency of the goods of fortune, it could make any difference to me whether the lover of my choice were wealthy or otherwise."

"Could you not in any case deem an untruth excusable?" asked Stratford.

"In none," replied Adelaide; "but there are cases in which I deem it particularly inexcusable: the falsehoods of pride or vanity, the assumption of being better, or richer, or wiser than we really are—these are, in my opinion, as contemptible as they are reprehensible."

"Men of the world," pursued Stratford, "are apt to think very little of an occasional deviation from truth."

"Pardon me," said Adelaide, "if I entirely differ from you. Should one man of the world tax another with the violation of truth in homely, downright phrase, what is the consequence? the insult is considered so unbearable, that in many cases the offender has even been called on to expiate his words with his life. Now, if a departure from truth be so mere a trifle, why should not the accu-

sation of having departed from truth be also considered as a trifle?"

Stratford was silent; his shallow sophistry could not contend with Adelaide's straightforward right-mindedness, and he was rejoiced when the entrance of visitors put an end to the conversation. A *tête-à-tête* with Adelaide had on that morning no charms for him; he lacked nerve for either a confession or a proposal! Perhaps, however, it would have been better for Stratford if he could have summoned courage to have outstaid the visitors, and revealed every thing to Adelaide; for discovery was impending over his head from a quarter where he could not possibly expect it, inasmuch as he was ignorant of the very existence of the person about to give the information. Every one must have been repeatedly called on to remark, that in society there seems to be a mysterious agency perpetually at work, bearing news from one quarter to another apparently quite unconnected with it. In every class or set we meet with some person who makes us cognizant of the sayings and doings of another class or set, from which we have been hitherto removed at an immeasurable distance. Often the information thus gained is desultory and uninterest-

ing, and it passes away from our mind almost as soon as we receive it ; occasionally it strikes upon some connecting chord, and we eagerly listen and respond to it.

When Adelaide Linley left school, she had, like most young girls, a favorite friend, with whom she kept up a regular correspondence, at the rate of three sheets of rose-colored note-paper a week. Emma Penryn, however, lived in Cornwall ; and as year after year passed by, and the friends never met, the correspondence decidedly slackened. Still, however, it was never wholly given up, and Adelaide had written to her friend shortly after the introduction of Talbot and Stratford to her, mentioning their names, and speaking of them as likely to prove pleasant and desirable acquaintances. The day after Adelaide's interview with Stratford, a letter arrived for her from Emma Penryn. She apologized for her long silence, and gave an excellent reason for it ; she had been receiving the addresses of a very desirable admirer, who had at length proposed, and been accepted ; he was a Cornish man, and his property lay within a few miles of that of her father. After entering into numerous details regarding the carriage, the *trous-*

seau, and the marriage settlement (young ladies in the nineteenth century are very apt to talk and write about the marriage settlement), the bride-elect continued :

“I am quite sure you will hear an excellent character of my dear Trebeck, if you mention his name to Mr. Talbot ; only think of their being great friends ; indeed Mr. Talbot was quite confidential with Trebeck a year ago, when staying with him in the country-house of a mutual friend, and actually was so kind as to read to him the beautiful tragedy of the ‘Russian Brothers,’ to which he had just put the finishing-stroke. Mr. Talbot did not let any one else know a word about it, and in fact extracted a promise of the strictest secrecy from Trebeck ; the reason was, that he meant to produce the tragedy on the stage, and had a terrible nervous fear of failure, a fear which was unfortunately realized by the event ; I suppose because it was too good for the audience to understand. Trebeck kept the secret most admirably, never breathing a word of it even to me, till the brilliant success of the published play of course took off the embargo of silence, and now we tell it to every body ; and Trebeck, I assure you, is not a little proud of

the confidence reposed in him by his literary friend."

Adelaide read this part of the letter with incredulous surprise, imagining that Emma was under some misapprehension; but when she came to reflect on past events, she could not but see that it was very likely to be true; she had several times been much struck with the inconsistency of Stratford's conversation and his reputed literary talents, and had felt surprised that he should so invariably have resisted all persuasion, even from herself, to give any further proof of his poetical abilities. It might seem astonishing that Talbot should so freely have acquiesced in this usurpation; but Emma's letter threw light on the subject, by alluding to Talbot's nervous horror of failure, and Adelaide's quick apprehension soon enabled her to see the real state of the case, and to become sorrowfully convinced that Captain Nesbitt was not the only one of her "wooers" who had shown himself regardless of the sacred laws of truth.

Reluctantly, but steadily, did the young heiress prepare herself to act as she considered for the best under the circumstances. She wrote to Talbot and to Stratford, requesting that they would each wait

upon her at the same time on the following day. Neither of them suspected the reason of this summons ; Talbot had indeed almost forgotten the existence of the silly, good-natured Trebeck : he had read the " Russian Brothers " to him, because, like most writers, he felt the wish, immediately after completing a work, to obtain a hearer for it ; and because, like *some* writers, he had a great deal of vanity, and had been flattered by the deferential admiration of a man much inferior to him, and from whom he need not fear any distasteful criticism. Talbot knew Trebeck to be perfectly honorable, and if he had ever thought of him at all, he would have remembered the promise of secrecy he had exacted from him, and would have felt quite at ease. It never entered his mind that circumstances might happen which would induce Trebeck to consider himself absolved from his promise, and that, as the " Russian Brothers " had been published without a name, it was perfectly natural and probable that the Cornish squire might be ignorant that the London world of letters imputed the authorship of it to Stratford, and not to Talbot. The rivals were punctual to their appointment, anticipating nothing more important than that they should be invited to

join a party to a flower-show or the opera-house. Adelaide did not keep them in suspense, but said that she wished to read to them part of a letter which she had recently received. When she had finished, she told them that she had considered it right to make them acquainted with this statement, and asked if they had any thing to say in refutation of it. They looked confused, and were silent. Stratford was the first to speak. "Forgive me for my seeming assumption of talents not my own," he said; "and remember that my motive was to save a friend from the mortification of acknowledging a defeat."

"I cannot conceive that such was your only motive," replied Adelaide: "you evidently took pride and pleasure in your new character. Did you attempt to suspend the publication of the drama? Did you shrink from the distinctions that followed it? No: you courted popularity, and enjoyed it, knowing all the time that you had done nothing to merit it, and that the whole of the applause that you received was in reality the right of your friend!"

Adelaide's words sounded a knell to the hopes of Stratford, but they seemed "merry as a mar-

riage-bell" to the eager ears of Talbot. "Dearest Adelaide," he said, "how kindly, how gratifyingly do you speak of my talents! They are entirely dedicated to you: all the laurels that they may hereafter gain for me shall be laid at your feet!"

"Do not trouble yourself to be so very grateful, Mr. Talbot," replied Adelaide. "You will be little obliged to me when you have listened to all that I have to say to you. Your talents are undoubtedly great, but I do not consider that vividness of imagination and elegance of composition constitute a man of really fine mind, any more than a suit of regimentals and acquaintance with military tactics constitute a brave soldier. I may continue the parallel. You entered the field of battle by your own choice, knowing that it was possible you might meet with defeat. Your first defeat came, and what was the course you pursued? Did you resolve to try again with added vigor? No, you determined to conceal that you had tried at all; you deserted the noble ranks to which you belonged, to sink into the mass of common-place beings; and should your conduct ever become generally known, rely upon it that all literary men who sit in judg-

ment upon you will unanimously sentence you to be cashiered for cowardice !”

Stratford breathed a little more freely during this speech : it was a great relief to his feelings to hear his friend so severely reprovèd.

“ I will not,” pursued Adelaide, “ dwell upon the offence that you have mutually committed in departing from the straight, clear and beautiful path of truth ; you well know my opinion on the subject. I could never feel happy in a near connection, or even in an intimate friendship, with any one who did not know and revere truth as I have always done. I shall probably occasionally meet again with both of you, but we must meet hereafter only on the footing of common acquaintance.”

The disconcerted “ wooers,” now no longer rivals, took a speedy departure : they exchanged a few sentences on their way, in which there was much more of recrimination than of condolence, and then coldly separated. Their friendship had long been at an end. And in the midst of their recent mortification, each felt consoled by the thought that he was not compelled to cede Adelaide to the other ! It was easy for Adelaide to avoid future intimacy

with her two rejected lovers, without causing any remark among her circle of acquaintance.

It was now nearly the end of June; Mr. Grayson was quite a man of the old school: he did not stay in London till the middle of August, and then repair to Kissengen or Interlachen. He had a pretty country-house a few miles from London, and always removed to it at Midsummer. Mrs. Grayson, who enjoyed nothing so much as her flower garden, was delighted to escape from the brown dusty trees of a London square: and Adelaide, although she liked public amusements, liked them as "soberly" as Lady Grace in the "Provoked Husband," and always professed herself ready to rusticate as soon as the roses were in bloom. Three days after her interview with Talbot and Stratford, she removed from the bustle of London to a region of flowers, green trees, and singing-birds. The former friends—now, alas! friends no longer—travelled abroad. They had each studiously contrived to depart on a different day, and to visit a different point of the continent; but they happened accidentally to meet on a mountain in Switzerland. They passed each other merely with the remarks that "the scenery was very grand,"

and that "the panorama of the Lake of Thun, at the Coliseum, had given one a capital idea of it!"

Stratford returned to London in January; Captain Nesbitt was the first person of his acquaintance whom he encountered. Now Captain Nesbitt possessed an infallible characteristic of a narrow-minded, mean-spirited man: he never forgave a woman who had refused him, and never omitted an opportunity of speaking ill of her. After having anathematized Adelaide and her coquetries for some time, he proceeded: "Her marriage, however, will shortly take place, and it is, I think, a fitting conclusion to her airs and graces. Perhaps, as you have only just arrived in England, you are not aware that she is engaged to her guardian's clerk?"

"To Alton!" exclaimed Stratford—"to that quiet, dull young man! Impossible! She used to ridicule his unsocial habits, and also was very severe on his propensity for hoarding money."

"However that might be," replied Captain Nesbitt, "he has proved himself not too dull to devise and succeed in an admirable matrimonial speculation: and as for his system of hoarding, per-

haps the fair Adelaide, although she objected to it in an indifferent person, may not disapprove of it in a husband. Heiresses are always terribly afraid of marrying men who are likely to dissipate their money."

"When is the marriage to take place?" asked Stratford, with an affected carelessness.

"I believe in a few weeks," said Captain Nesbitt—"that is, if nothing should happen to prevent it. I think I could set it aside at once, if I took interest enough in Adelaide to make it worth my while to do so. I could communicate to her something respecting Alton which would decidedly lower him in her opinion."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Stratford, eagerly. "Has Alton, then, been guilty of any deviation from the truth?"

Poor Stratford! "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round;" and he had no idea that a lover could offend in any other way than by deviating from the truth.

"I do not know that Alton has told any untruth," said Captain Nesbitt; "but I have reason to think that he has kept back the truth."

"That may do quite as well," thought Stratford,

“when one has to deal with so scrupulous a person as Adelaide;” and he requested Captain Nesbitt to explain himself.

“Alton’s father,” said Captain Nesbitt, “did not resemble the father in an old song of O’Keefe’s—

“Who, dying, bequeathed to his son a good name!”

He was, like his son, a confidential clerk—not, however, to a solicitor, but to a Liverpool merchant. He repaid the confidence of his employer by embezzling sundry sums of money, which he hazarded at the gaming-table. At length the frequency of his losses occasioned him to commit a more daring act than a breach of trust: he forged the name of the merchant to a banking-house check: discovery ensued, and he only escaped the punishment of the law by committing suicide. This event happened five years ago, and is fresh in the remembrance of many persons in Liverpool.”

“But do you not think it likely that Alton may have revealed these facts to Adelaide?” asked Stratford.

“I do not think it in the least likely that he should have proved himself such a blockhead!” replied

Captain Nesbitt. "Adelaide would never marry the son of a man who only escaped hanging by suicide!"

"They do not hang for forgery in these days!" said Stratford.

"So much the worse," said Captain Nesbitt. "It is a crime that cannot be too severely punished. I remember hearing that many years ago a man was hanged for forging the ace of spades; I wish those good old times would come back again."

Stratford was silent; not all his pique, nor all his jealousy, could induce him to think that it would be desirable for the times to come back again, when a man was hanged for forging the ace of spades!

The next day Stratford called at Mr. Grayson's, and found Adelaide alone in the drawing-room. She looked a little surprised at seeing him, but received him as she would have done a common acquaintance. Stratford congratulated her on her future prospects, and uttered some forced commendations on the excellence of Alton's character. "He affords a convincing proof," he said, with a little trepidation, "that the son of an unworthy father need not necessarily tread in his steps."

"There are so many similar instances of that fact," said Adelaide, "that I think there is nothing astonishing in them. The good or bad qualities of a father are not, like landed estates, entailed upon his son!"

"Then you *do* know," said Stratford, "that Alton's father was an unworthy man?"

Adelaide looked at him with grave, earnest surprise. "You have chosen a strange subject of conversation," she said; "but I have no objection to satisfy your curiosity. I heard of the circumstance to which you allude from Alton himself."

"I conclude," said Stratford, "that Mr. Grayson insisted on his being candid with you, previous to your engagement being concluded?"

"You are quite in the wrong," returned Adelaide. "Mr. Grayson is much attached to Alton (whom he is on the point of taking into partnership), and was very desirous that he should propose to me. He enjoined him to keep secret the melancholy circumstances connected with his father, as they could only tend to give me uneasiness; and it was quite certain that no one else would be so deficient in kind feeling as to mention them to me."

Stratford felt rather embarrassed and uncom-

fortable as Adelaide uttered these words. "Alton's strict and honorable love of truth, however," pursued Adelaide, "led him to disregard this counsel; some weeks before he proposed to me he made known to me every particular of his father's transgression; and I assured him, in reply, that I did not consider him in the smallest degree lowered in excellence by having become good, conscientious, and truthful, without the aid of parental precept or example."

Stratford was determined to discharge a parting arrow at the provoking heiress. "You have shown yourself extremely liberal in your opinions," he said; "and you have the very comforting reflection that, from Mr. Alton's known and remarkable habits of frugality, he is never likely to fall into the same snares that proved fatal to his father, but will distinguish himself rather by saving money than by squandering it."

"As you appear," said Adelaide, "to speak in rather an ironical tone concerning Alton's economy, I think it due to him to enter into a short explanation of his motives. When Alton first paid me those marked attentions which I knew must lead to a proposal, I sometimes rallied him on his

strict frugality, and sometimes gently reproved him for it : he was not only sparing to himself, but I felt grieved to remark that, although ever willing to devote time and thought to the poor, he rarely assisted them with money. He assured me that he had a reason for his conduct, and that he was certain that I should not blame him if I knew it. He added, that the necessity for economy would soon cease, and that he should then have the pleasure of indulging his natural feelings of liberality. I was not satisfied with this reply : I required him to give a direct answer to a direct question, and to tell me what were his motives for saving, and why they should exist at one time more than another."

"It was very merciless of you," said Stratford.

"Not in the least," replied Adelaide. "Alton had given me such proofs of his truthful and honorable nature, that I knew, if he held back any communication from me, he could only do so because it was creditable to him, and because he wished to avoid the appearance of boasting of his own good deeds : and so it indeed proved to be. Alton had for five years been denying himself every enjoyment suitable to his age and tastes, for the purpose of saving the sum of money of which his father

had defrauded his employer. When he first began this undertaking, it seemed likely to prove a very tedious one; but two years ago he happily received a legacy from a relation, which more than half realized the amount that he required; still, however, he did not slacken in his laudable energy, and shortly after the conversation to which I have alluded, he was enabled to pay over the whole sum, with the accumulated interest, to the Liverpool merchant, who sent him a letter full of the kindest expressions of approbation, concluding with the assurance that he should make his noble act of atonement generally known among all his friends. Therefore by this time every one who has censured the faults and frailties of the father, is engaged in lauding the honor and honesty of the son."

Stratford had heard quite enough; he took a hasty leave, sincerely repenting that he had ever thought of troubling the bride-elect with a morning call.

Alton and Adelaide were married in the course of a few weeks; two years have elapsed since that time, and I am of opinion that the unusual happiness they enjoy is greatly to be attributed to the truthfulness which is the decided characteristic of

both of them. I am aware that many of my readers will say that it is of little importance whether a married couple, whose interests necessarily bind them together, should mutually love truth, or mutually agree in sanctioning the thousand-and-one little falsities of worldly expediency; but I think that those who hold such an opinion cannot have had many opportunities of closely observing the domestic circles of their friends and neighbors. Had they done so, they would have been aware that the beginning of matrimonial unhappiness repeatedly arises from the detection by one party of some slight violation of truth on the part of the other. Often such a violation is committed with no ill intent; nay, often indeed is it done with the kind motive of sparing some little trouble or anxiety to the beloved one. A trifling trouble is concealed, a small expense kept in the background, the visit of an intrusive guest unmentioned, or a letter read aloud with the omission of a short part of it, which might be supposed to be unpleasant to the listener. These concealments and misrepresentations, in themselves so seemingly slight, become of terrific account when frequently repeated; confidence is shaken, and when once *that* is the

case, conjugal happiness is soon at an end. Adelaide and her husband are on the most confidential terms, because neither of them ever thinks whether a true remark or communication is agreeable or not; they speak it *because* it is the truth; and if a moment's pain be thus given, the passing cloud breaks almost as soon as it is perceived; no tempests are suffered to gather in the distance, and the heiress constantly congratulates herself that she chose not the handsomest, the cleverest, or the most fashionable, but the most *truthful* of her "woopers." Of these wooers I have but little to say. Captain Nesbitt is on the point of marriage with a middle-aged widow of good fortune; he was successful in impressing her with the belief that he must ultimately inherit his uncle's property; but she was more cautious than ladies of fewer years and less experience might have been, and made so many inquiries about the state of health of the old gentleman, that his nephew was obliged to improvise an apoplectic fit for him! This intelligence caused the widow to fix the day, but she is providing a very limited *trousseau*, since she anticipates the "melancholy pleasure" of giving large orders in the course of a few weeks at

one of the "Mansions of Grief" in Regent-street!

Talbot and Stratford seldom meet; indeed, if one becomes introduced into a family, the other almost invariably ceases to visit there. However, there are two points in which they show great sympathy and congeniality of mind. They particularly dislike to hear of the failure of a new piece at the theatre; and there is no work for which they feel such unmitigated detestation, as one which still engrosses much of the public notice—the tragedy of the "Russian Brothers!"

SONNET.

BY EUPIHRASIA FANNY HAWORTH.

LET the pure garments of the cool gray eve
Float o'er thee, like a mother's sheltering vest
Drawn round the child she cradles on her breast
To hush its sobbings; in thy heart receive
Her balmy breathings, like some precious truth
A saint dies speaking—or the answering sigh
Some lover listens for from lattice high,—
Or Fame's first murmur to the eager youth.
Listen, and gaze, and draw into thy soul
These influxes of earth's selectest bliss;
Let thy worn brow meet Evening's holy kiss
With reverence calm; accept the mild control
That for one hour bids grief and passion cease;
An angel treads the earth whose name is Peace!

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The Lute Player

THE QUEEN OF THE HOUR.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

WE wander'd to a pleasant grove,
Beside a dancing rill—
A throng of youth!—of light and love
Each heart had drunk its fill.
Sweet faces were in plenty there—
As fair as June's first flower;
But Clara beamed in beauty rare,
The queen of that bright hour.

We gather'd round her when she sang
A song of olden days;
And as each word through woodlands rang,
We looked unspoken praise.
Ah! long our frolic sports were stay'd
Beneath that spell of pow'r;
And long we gazed upon the maid—
The queen of that blest hour!

I've seen the lovely oft since then,
I've dreamed of lovelier still;
But ne'er shall I behold again
Sweet Clara by that rill.
And though I seek the courtly hall,
And e'en the fairest bow'r,
One image shines above them all—
The queen of youth's bright hour!

MORWELL;
OR,
THE MODERN PYGMALION.

A Tale for the Dusk.

BY EUPHRASIA FANNY HAWORTH.

I.

“He stay’d his prayer, and on the statue gazed.
Behold, a gentle heaving stirred its breast;
O’er all the form a flush of rose-light passed;
Along the limbs the azure arteries throbb’d.
A golden lustre settled on the head,
And gleamed amid the mazes of the hair;
The rounded cheeks grew vivid with a blush;
Ambrosial breathings cleft the curv’d lips,
And softly through the arch’d nostril stole;
Slow rose the silken fringed lids, and eyes,
Like violets wet with dew, drank in the light !”

PYGMALION.—G. GREENWOOD.

“WHY, Horton, old fellow! is that really you?
where did you spring from?”

“Morris, how glad I am to see you! Yes, here
I am; at least what is left of me, after the horrors
of five years in Calcutta.”

Such were the hearty greetings that took place at the Piccadilly corner of Albemarle Street, one sleety, gusty day, in February. Paul Horton had just returned on sick leave from India, where he held a very good civil appointment. His old schoolfellow, Frank Morris, was almost the first person, besides waiters and porters, to whom he had spoken in London; and Paul had not much difficulty in persuading him to return with him to the hotel close by, where he had taken up his quarters; the weather was too unpropitious to allow of much delay in seeking shelter.

"Well," said Paul Horton, when they were fairly housed, again shaking Morris by the hand, "I am so glad to have chanced upon you!—you can tell me all about every body—first, yourself;—what are you about? You look as sleek and as fat as if you had all the world your own way, and nobody ever contradicted you!"

"And yet I am married," said Morris, laughing.

"Indeed! that *is* news; and to which of the fair enslavers you have been always raving about these ten years?"

"Oh! nobody I ever raved about before you

went out—it was quite sudden, at last—yet I have never repented!”

“That’s all right,” said Paul. “Now tell me about some of our friends. I am very anxious to hear something of Morwell—he wrote me the oddest letter out to India some time ago—it quite mystifies me.”

“Oh, you are not the only one mystified about Morwell! I wish I could tell you any thing of him, poor fellow—any thing satisfactory I mean. It is curious enough you should ask me about him, for I was just on my way determined to go and see what he is doing.”

“Let us go together, then,” said Horton; “and you can tell me what you know as we walk. Is he in town?”

“He has got a *studio* in the most unlikely locality to be molested with visitors—a strange place it is—it might have been a palace of a Lombardy duke once. It is at the back of Lombard Street. But I must tell you the story. You know, of course, of his great success in that group of ‘Cain and Abel!’ It brought him immediately into notice: his next was ‘Herodias,’ and then a group of the ‘Graces.’”

"I heard something of this," said Horton.

"You should have seen him then!" resumed Morris; "he was so happy, so full of life and genius! But it did not last long. At that time—about two years ago—I often saw him; it was just after I married; and he was paying great attention to my wife's sister, Lucy, as pretty a girl as you could wish to see. I am afraid she thought him more in earnest than he was, and you know what a good-looking fellow he is. Well!—all at once he grew uncertain in his spirits and in his temper; more eager than ever after his art, and sometimes as desponding about it, and dissatisfied with all he did. Instead of railing against the Royal Academy, and the cellars where the sculpture is exhibited, as he used, he now said he had hardly refrained sometimes from breaking his models to atoms, so wretched a caricature of nature they seemed to him. After a time he scarcely noticed Lucy, and at last he never came near us.

"I went to his *studio* once or twice, but he would not let me in to see what he was doing; he came out to speak to me, and I'll be bound he does the same to-day.

"He had taken hold of strange fancies about

mesmerism and electricity, and once told me, with a wild look that quite alarmed me, that he had been studying the principles of life and motion, and that if he should pursue his experiments like Frankenstein, it would not be to make a monster.

“After this I saw a model he was beginning : it was of a nymph of Diana, and the most exquisite thing I ever beheld. He was not satisfied himself, and the next time I saw him he had destroyed it. He was going to begin a Venus, he said ; and when I afterwards saw him told me he was going on with it. I asked him to show me the model, but nothing would induce him to do so. But here we are in the dingy old street.”

They rang, and were admitted into a kind of ground-floor parlor—a strange chaos of a place. It contained a large bookcase, full of dusty and antique-looking volumes ; on the table was a desk and writing materials. In one corner an electrical machine, some anatomical drawings and a skull : also several phials and crucibles, as if for chemical uses. The fireplace, with its cold embers, looked cheerless enough, and the whole place had an air of melancholy abandonment.

When at length, almost tired of waiting, Horton

resolved to proceed to the *studio*, the sculptor entered the room. He had been a noble-looking creature when his friend Paul saw him last, but now he would scarcely have recognized him, so changed was his appearance : his figure was worn and thin, and the hair which fell about his high forehead in luxuriant curls was sprinkled with premature gray ; yet his face, though fallen and sharpened, was more full of expression and genius than ever.

You saw in his deep, melancholy eye fitful flashes of that fire which was consuming him—the bright steel of the sword that was wearing out its scabbard. He wore a kind of loose morning gown, and he had a listless, saddened look ; but as soon as he recognized Horton, his whole countenance lighted up. He scarcely looked at Morris ; and after wringing the hand Horton held out to him, he answered not a word to his warm greeting, but flinging his arms round him, he fairly wept upon his shoulder like a woman.

He quickly mastered his emotion, which he seemed ashamed that Morris should observe, and after ordinary inquiries had been made and answered, the

latter asked how his "Venus" was, and if she were in a state to be seen.

"You shall see," said the artist; and without the slightest hesitation he led the way to his *studio*; after going down a narrow passage, he opened a door which seemed to lead into the interior of another house.

They were in a lofty hall, lighted from a dome at the top, from which they perceived a wide stone staircase, with exquisitely carved banisters.

Crossing the hall, the artist led them to a spacious apartment on the ground-floor, also lighted from above; it was filled with models from antique sculpture. "This," said he, as they passed through, "is my oratory; these are to make me, as I go to my work, humble yet hopeful, meek and strong. I cannot look on them now, for they have frowned on me of late."

Morris stole a look at Horton as the artist said this; the latter was gazing at Morwell, and expecting him to smile, but he was perfectly grave and solemn, and walked through the room as if he had been an acolyte passing the altar. The jest died on Horton's lips, and he looked back at Morris with wonder.

They went through to the *studio*, which was a finely-proportioned room, filled with half-finished models and various implements of art.

"And where is the 'Venus?'" said Morris, looking round.

"There!" replied Morwell, calmly pointing to a broken mass of fragments.

"You do not mean to say you have broken the statue?" exclaimed Morris; "why, it was in marble!"

"Yes!" said the sculptor, picking up an arm, "this was well enough."

"It is perfectly exquisite!" said Horton: "what could induce you to destroy it?—where is the head?"

"Ah! there was the failure: look at those lips and chin!"

"Well," said Horton, "they are beautiful."

"You think so, perhaps, but they are no more like Porphyria than—"

"Who is Porphyria?" exclaimed both his friends.

"No matter: look again at that mouth and chin; has it not a sensual expression? The eye and forehead are better; but it won't do!" and he

tossed the head on the ground with ineffable contempt.

“And what are you about now—a new ‘Venus’—or ‘Diana,’—or what?”

“Ah!” said the artist, his face lighting up; “ah! now the time is come; I shall be happy at last. I have discovered a new plastic material—no more hard marble—I am quite sure that the ancients never made a model and then reproduced it in marble—the spirit flies between the two—no; they were grand stalwart fellows; they worked through the whole block with their own hands. No second thoughts, no copying and shaping with rule and compass. Is it not absurd to suppose that the spirit of any form will submit to it?—of course it disappears, and leaves the statue a mere dead corpse.”

“May we see your new process?” said Morris.

“No, not yet—perhaps never—they are such subtle things, those spirits of beauty! It is only since I have found out their ways a little, that I have the least chance of retaining them.”

He pointed towards a lofty door at the end of the room, which was partly concealed by a curtain.

“I have resolved no human eye shall penetrate

there till the shape is perfect—the *one* shape—no models—no reproduction. A copy might offend the spirit, as much as to offer a sight of the imperfect shape. It shall not be my fault *this* time!”

The friends again looked at each other, and Morris, who was more used to hear Morwell of late talk in this wild strain, said,—

“And what is your material?”

“An invention of my own, or perhaps an inspiration of *hers*—of Porphyria’s. You would not be the wiser if I told you the ingredients; but here is an experiment I have made; I did not dare to try it on a human figure; *they* might not like it. Look at this, and feel it.”

He lifted a silk handkerchief that lay on a table, and underneath appeared a coiled-up snake, with the head erect, in the act to spring. The effect was so perfect that both his friends involuntarily started back. Not only was the form perfectly life-like, but it was life-like in color; every spot and streak seemed almost of a changing hue, and the eye appeared to dart fire.

“Touch it,” said Morwell. Morris declared he was *humbugging* them, and that it was a real snake.

Horton felt it, and started back. "Why, it is soft," said he; "pliable!"

Morwell laughed wildly, and covered the snake again with the handkerchief. He then led them back through the room, with the Greek statues, walking, as before, with his head reverently bent downwards. When they had passed the room, he took them again to the door which led to the dingy outer-house opening to the back street, and left them, having positively refused Morris's invitation to visit him. As they went, however, he called Horton back.

"I will send to you," said he, "when the time is come. It is near at hand; but come alone, and do not come before I send. Give me your address. I have often wished, Horton, to see you. I have had strange things occur to me lately; so strange that I sometimes thought a mortal brain could not bear them, alone, without sympathy,—without some one to whom to say, 'Is this real, or am I mad?'"

"Such as he, dear good fellow as he is, could never comprehend them, and would have driven me mad at once; and after all, what need I more? I have *her*!"

The wild gleam again shot into his eyes, and his countenance looked radiant with unearthly beauty.

“Farewell!” said he, “come when I send for you.”

II.

“Did you ever see any body so mad?” was Morris’s exclamation, as soon as they got into the street ; and he laughed.

Horton replied, “I am quite bewildered at the strangeness of all about him ; but there is, at least, method in his madness, and I cannot laugh at him, nor even pity him, were it not that he looks so thin and altered,—for he seems full of enthusiasm about his art.”

“Yes ; now he has got a new fancy, and a new statue is begun ; but, mark my words, he will break it to atoms, like the last. Poor devil ! If this is not madness, I don’t know what is. I am very glad he did not marry Lucy. Luckily he is not dependent on his art for his living. He came into a handsome fortune from a distant cousin, quite unexpectedly, and that helped to turn his

brain. It released him, he said, from the slavery of working to please other people ; and so he gave himself up entirely to his own wild fancies, and took that queer old house where he lives, like a necromancer in the middle ages, shut up by himself."

III.

Three weeks had elapsed, and Paul Horton had no news of Morwell. He could no longer delay going into the country to visit his relations, and on the eve of his departure wrote a note to Morwell to inform him of it. He dined alone at his hotel, and intended spending an hour of the evening with Morris. He sat ruminating over the fire, debating if he should call on Morwell, and at least attempt to see him before leaving town. He was in a dreamy, dozy state, looking for shapes in the embers, and thinking of Morwell and his strange *studio*. He was going to visit some old friends of both, who had invited Morwell to go with him, and he had told him this in his note ; feeling, however quite sure, it was in vain to write it.

“Suddenly he heard a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at his chamber-
door.”

He called out, “Come in! Come in!” and an Italian boy entered, whom he thought he had seen working at the *studio* of Morwell.

“I come,” said he “from *mio padrone*, who wish to see you quick, directly.”

Horton started up, and was soon in a cab, with the Italian boy outside, on his way to Morwell’s abode.

The youth opened the door with a private key, when they had arrived, and showed Horton into the little parlor, which had assumed quite a cheerful look. A fire was burning in the grate. Candles were on the table, and it was not long before Morwell entered, with a quick cheery step,—quite unlike his former slouching gait. His dress, too, was rich and elegant,—his hair arranged with care,—and Horton could hardly fancy him the same person.

“Come,” said he, “dear friend! the hour is at hand. You must be a witness—a human witness—of the reality of my strange destiny. The work is done. Come and see!”

So saying, he took a lamp from the table, and led the way into the inner mansion. It was brilliantly lighted, and all wore an air of festival. They passed the chamber of the statues, which was also lighted.

"Yes! proud ones!" said Morwell, as he passed; "I dare look on ye now! I have made you, even you, wonder!"

They entered the *studio*, and the door at the upper end was open—the curtains drawn aside.

"Look there!" cried Morwell. "But stop—not nearer: look!"

Horton looked into the inner room, which was in a blaze of light; and there, on a low pedestal, stood a figure; he could have said a living being, but for the perfect stillness.

It was clothed in strange garments of most graceful drapery, and apparently of rich lace, lightly concealing the form. It had not the unnatural appearance of wax; but was, to every appearance, a living and most exquisitely beautiful female form.

"There is Porphyria!" said the sculptor. "Come quite to the door; she will bear scrutiny: but do not enter! no human foot has entered here but mine."

With a strange feeling of awe, Horton approached the door. He could not believe but that the figure was real,—so exquisite were the proportions, so perfect the coloring.

“Now,” said Horton, “you, my friend, must help me. The last proof is to be made. If it succeed, I scarcely know how I shall bear my joy: if it fail—why, there is a remedy still. Look here!”

He then uncovered the snake which he had before shown his two friends. “On this I make the first experiment; watch it well—never take your eyes off it, and when you see it move,—mark me! at the slightest motion strike that hand-bell by your side!”

He retreated to the inner apartment, of which he closed the door, leaving Horton alone to his strange vigil.

He sat down opposite the table, and intently gazed on the snake. He watched it till his eyes were dazzled, and took them off, and passed his hand over his forehead, and then watched again—right into the creature’s eyes he gazed; five minutes, ten minutes, passed. He began to wonder at his folly, and his own credulity at the dreams of a madman. Again he looked at the snake—

could it be possible? or did the lamp flicker and produce the effect? He thought the snake moved, that it slowly uncoiled. He was sure it was fancy; he put out his hand to touch it; then the head moved, and turned towards his hand!

He struck upon the bell, still watching the snake, which now coiled and rolled itself about: there was no answering sound from within. He waited in intense agitation, not daring to take his eyes from the snake.

Five minutes had elapsed since he had struck the bell—it seemed to him hours—and then a fearful sound was heard. It was the report of a pistol—once—twice—then a shriek, as from a woman, and a heavy fall. Horton rushed to the door, which resisted his frantic efforts to open it. At length it yielded to his strength.

What a sight was there! The statue had fallen from its pedestal. It lay on the ground, covered with blood; while Morwell, half kneeling, half reclining by its side, lay in his death-agony.

“Horton!” gasped he,—“Horton! witness—’tis her blood—she lived—she lived, and I have killed her! Surely ’tis her blood—not mine—Porphyria! not once to have heard her speak!

Oh! why could I not wait?—but surely 'tis an hour since you struck that bell, and she moved not—and—now—now——”

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“Why, Horton—Paul Horton—what is the matter?” sounded the well-known voice of Morris in the dreamer’s ear. “I have come to look after you, as you did not come this evening; and here I find you at home, sound asleep! Here is Morwell come with me.”

Horton shook off the heavy slumber, and looked intently at Morwell, who smiled and said—

“So you have waited for my grand experiment till you are tired. I tell you what, Horton, I have grown almost crazy in that dreary old house.”

“And what is become of Porphyria?” said Morris: for Paul was still too much impressed with his dream to speak.

“Gone! gone!” said the sculptor with something of the wild look. “She never comes to my dreams now—she could not abide that snake! I should have tried the process at once upon her, and not upon the snake first; and so I shot her to atoms this very night, and her ashes lie with my

‘Venus.’ Some of these days I may try again, but now, if you will let me, Horton, I’ll go out of town to-morrow with you, and if you have time, and like it, we’ll go to Italy and to Greece, together, afterwards.”

THE CAVALIER'S WHISPER.

BY W. G. BENNETT.

'TIS a cloudless noon of sultry June,
And pleasant it is to win
The cool thick shade by the chestnut made
In front of the way-side inn;
And a pleasant sight with his feather white
Is the mounted Cavalier,
Who stoops for the cup that the maid gives up,
With a word none else can hear.

A moment more, from that shady door
That horseman rides away;
And little, I guess, he thinks—and less
Of the word he bent to say.
But many a noon of many a June
Must pass, with many a year,
Ere the maiden who heard that whispered word
Forgets that Cavalier.

[illegible]



Horrori & Spectus

THE WARRIOR'S DEPARTURE.

BY PROTEUS.

OH! Edith, dear, I must away,
The bugles to the battle call,
And I must mingle with the fray,
The end of which may see my fall.
But fear not, Edith; never fear,
Nor damp my spirits with despair,
For hope smiles through this hour's tear;
There's heav'n above—we may meet there.

And if we win the victory,
And laurels crown thy true knight's brow,
I'll share my honors here with thee—
So, Edith, love, be cheerful now.
Oft take young Harold on thy knee,
And tell him of his father's deeds;
Teach little Blanche to love like thee—
'T is all the love a woman needs.

So spake the bold and dauntless knight,
Then sprang upon his matchless steed,
And as his armor gleam'd with light,
Spurred on with dashing speed.
And Edith saw him disappear
Among the gorgeous, armed band,
And long she look'd—through bright and drear,
But never clasped again his hand.

A PEEP INTO THE OFFICE OF A SAVINGS' BANK.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

Author of "Traditions of Tuscany," "Highland Minstrelsy," &c., &c.

"Take care of the pence; the pounds will take care of themselves."

Old Proverb.

THERE are no places in London more provocative of speculation to the thoughtful stranger than the public buildings and offices of business. Their huge doors, banging continually with the ingress and egress of visitors, the large-lettered names on their faces—cabalistic to the stranger, familiar as household words to "the city man"—their mysterious blinds, the grave faces of the folks who hurry in and out, and particularly the utter impossibility of knowing what they went in to do, or what they have done coming out; these are all so many stimulants to the appetite of the curious

gazer, and stir him up the more to a longing desire to penetrate their solemn fastnesses.

"But are you going in here to this small, shabby, brown-blinded house?"

"Yes—I have some money to get there, for a sick servant. Come in—you will see a page not unchequered in the daily history of this wonderful metropolis."

You see at once this is no bank for the moneyed keepers of carriages, wherein to deposit their thousands, and their tens of thousands. It bears legibly on its front, "For the Poor," written in the dingy wire blinds, thickened by layers of impene-trable dust—in its narrow entrance—its unportered passage. Here are no swing-doors glaring with brass plates, no carpeted ante-room, no plate-glass windows and airy office. You find the straitened passage still further straitened by a greasy wooden railing; your foot passes over a fozy old mat; the well-handled door at the further end is dark and repelling—every thing speaks of the Poor. The very air is scented with a memory of their various trades: the groom has brought here a hint from the stable, the washerwoman gave a whiff of soap-suds, the dyer his most fragrant weeds; and, to

crown all, the pipes and the mock Havanas have left records of their visit to the savings' bank—yes, the place smells of the Poor!

You have now entered by the half-door, the other side of which conducts the passers out along the other path from which you, coming in, are divided by the aforesaid greasy wooden railing. The room is lighted—like a melon-bed—by skylights of very small panes; it is as hot as a melon-bed, and as close, for this is June, and the attendance is very numerous. All round the walls runs a bench, which owes its glossiness not to French polish, but to the ever-changing crowd of occupants. It is at present crowded, but you and I having given in the book of the bank, belonging to the absent depositor, must find a cranny somewhere to bestow our persons, until the unknown operations, hidden from our view by that high balustrade, have put our affair in train for our further assistance. This is the day for withdrawing deposits, and there is much to make us melancholy in the sight before us. Far different is the day for putting in money; how happy then look the proud possessors of superfluous cash!—how they fling down the money, and feel, for the moment, as

great men as Rothschild or Coutts! Why it was only last week that little boy, with his clothes so neatly darned, brought ten shillings of his own earning—and retired with the air of a man of capital—one who might expect a visit from the commissioners of the property-tax. To-day he is in changed mood.

“How much do you want, my little fellow?” says the clerk, kindly.

“Ten shillings,” falters the urchin, and his eyes look very much as if he could cry, but wouldn’t.

“Why that is all you have put in,” says the man of office.

“I knows it, but can’t help; mother’s had a lace gown she had to wash stole at the bleaching, and she’s got to pay it.”

“Then you are not likely to put again into the bank?” pursued the interrogator.

“I don’t—don’t know,” said the boy, his distress fairly getting the better of his maunliness; “it took a power o’ hard work to save them ten shillings, and now if I get any more, it’ll all go to that lace gown, that mother couldn’t help no more than you.” And in spite of all effort, the poor child burst into tears.

“And what did so young a boy as you want to do with savings already?” says a benevolent old gentleman, who has brought a power-of-attorney from some absent servant. “What did you mean to buy for yourself with all your money?”

The lad looked up, shyly but searchingly, into the questioner's face; and seeing there only good wishes and kind thoughts, answered at once—“Why, sir, mother's a poor woman, and slaves like a nigger, and she lives out of the way, and has to bring all the clothes into town in a barrow, and it does tire her dreadful this hot weather; so I thought I might get shillings and shillings, till I had enough to get a little cart and a donkey for her, to bring her in without trouble.”

The old gentleman nodded his head, and seemed to muse.

“Where do you work?”

“I works for the shops—runs errands—carries parcels, and that sort of things; and I can write, so then I can get receipts, and sign 'em, which some of the boys cannot do, and therefore I'm always busy.”

The sequel of this little colloquy was, that the old gentleman—who was a wealthy merchant—

inquired about the lad, and finding satisfactory replies, resolved upon taking him into his counting-house, where, I have no doubt, he will succeed, and realize his vision of the washing cart and the donkey for his mother. Meantime the three clerks who stand at those three open places are calling, name by name, for the owners to come and sign various documents ere they are admitted to the cashier's corner, where they receive their money and are dismissed.

Poor old widow ! how feeble she looks, and how sad ! she comes on a painful errand. Her only and dear son, a bricklayer, has fallen from a scaffolding and been much injured ; and, though sufficiently recovered to be dismissed from the hospital, he is disabled for work, and his mother must draw out all her little savings to support him and herself till he is again strong enough to work, as before, for the two.

After the widow comes a widower—a little grim, sour man, in rusty black ; with a black, unshorn chin, that seems also in a dusky suit of mourning. He has just lost his wife, and has come here to procure the money she, good, industrious woman, had saved up during a course of ten years, amount-

ing to about twenty pounds. But eagerly as the bereaved looks for that all-powerful consoler—gold, he finds unexpected obstacles between him and the object of his desires. He must first bring certificates from a magistrate or a clergyman, that he is the man who married that especial woman known to the bank as a depositor; and also he must prove that she left him the said money, and that he is thus empowered to claim it. To do this will cost him about half-a-crown, and delay his receiving the money for about ten days. The heart that bore a wife's death with fortitude cannot calmly resolve to pay away half-a-crown out of the dearly-purchased legacy! The widower waxes very wroth, and ejaculates sundry disrespectful epithets towards the inexorable clerk: that gentleman hears him quietly, and makes the same answer to all his petulant outbreaks—"It must be done; must conform to the rules. It does not matter how small or large the sum is, the rules must be obeyed."

Meanwhile, the other expectants are growing impatient. The dispute between the widower and the clerk is likely to be interminable: the one utters, over and over again, the same complaint; the

other makes the same freezing reply. The next on the roll—a burly drayman, come to draw out the necessary sum for the expenses of his tenth child—will wait no longer; he pushes aside, with a vigorous shove, the not-to-be satisfied widower: “Come, you’ve had your answer; go and get the stiffieats, and make no more bones of the matter. I’m in a hurry; whose to listen to your growling? Here, you clerk, I want a fi-pun note for my good woman; and be quick, will you?”

Mark those two girls sitting, side by side, on the bench; they are no relations, they never met before this minute; and their situations are as different as rose-color and sepia are in tints. That tall, smart, lively damsel, with the large white teeth and glossy ringlets, has come for her money, that she may expend it in a wedding outfit. Do you see her bridegroom, how proud he is of her, and of himself too; conscious that his checked waistcoat is of the brightest, and his satin stock flowered with the gayest rosebuds? Pretty Harriet Lucas, his bride, is *rather* smart, we should say, for a nursemaid, as you hear her tell the clerk she is. Her silk flounced gown, lilac bonnet and flowers, pink and green shaded parasol, and imitation lace handkerchief,

impress you, I see, in her disfavor; but you must not judge her too hardly. She has had her foible encouraged by her silly mistress, who dresses as much above *her* station as her servants do above theirs; and by giving them her cast-off' adornments, accustoms them to a sort of slatternly shabby finery, very far from being respectable. You see Harriet's shaded parasol is quite soiled, and the lilac bonnet is more than faded; but she got those from her mistress, who never thought what unsuitable articles of wear they must be for a young serving girl. No wonder Harriet likes to be smart, seeing Mrs. Burchell trailing through the streets in light satins, or flaunting feathers, out in the glass clarence, which she hires when she wishes to be stylish in her morning calls. Bad examples from mistresses make bad imitations in maids!

Meanwhile, the money is paid—the receipt signed.

“Are you likely to pay any more into this bank?” asks the clerk.

“No,” blushes Harriet, with a-conscious glance towards her affianced: as if asking him whether it is really true that they two are to leave London,

and set up their small home in the quiet, secluded village of Hungerford.

Now they set off, with full pockets and happy hearts—first to the jeweller's to buy the ring—then to a silk mercer's, for the wedding dress—then to the upholstery warehouse, for some smart London furniture to adorn their house. John fixes on a nice strong horse-hair sofa, very cheap ; but his fair lady has discovered a charming couch, covered with pale blue moreen, on which she has set her heart.

"True, it is much dearer ; but then it is so genteel. It is very like one Mrs. Burchell bought, such a bargain !"

"But, my dear, it won't wear ; it would be a bad bargain were it cheaper than the horse-hair, which would see out ten of those trasheries."

Harriet began to pout—"I declare it's very hard I cannot please my own taste, when it is to be bought out of my own money, that I've been working so hard to save this long time."

Such an argument was unanswerable. John submitted to the thriftless blue moreen ; but the prudence of his bride's choice remains yet to be proved. At any rate he purchased, by his conces-

sion, cloudless smiles for the whole of that happy summer day.

But we have left poor Anne Hatton waiting timidly for her turn. Poor girl, she is pale and melancholy; and the coarse dress she wears is covered with rusty crape. So young, too, and yet she has seen sorrow. You know at once, by her neatness of person, her sallowness of complexion, and small parcel of work, that she is a young dress-maker—a very skilful one her mistress would tell you, and the best fitter in her establishment. But she is past work now, and past all feeling of pride in her skill. Six months ago she came up to London, full of health and hope, conscious of her own aptitude for her trade, sure of making a fortune, and that right speedily. Then she loved finery and pleasure quite as much as Harriet Lucas does now: she was giddy and untried. Her principal, Madame Sarbaine, was an ill-natured, selfish, prosperous person, with a high reputation in the fashionable circles, a large connection in business, an increasing fortune, and an only son.

Adolphe Sarbaine was indolent, easy-tempered, and selfish like his mamma; but he was exceedingly good-looking, dressed well, and understood

the art of flattery. His part in the establishment was to answer the street-door; for it behooved so great a dressmaker as Madame Sarbaine to have a male attendant on her customers, and she was too stingy to go to the expense of keeping a footman. Adolphe did not dislike his post: he had the advantage of seeing all the lovely aristocrats who swept up to his mamma's door in their lordly chariots; and he was quite happy in the succession of imaginary love-affairs which he cultivated for the sake of these haughty beauties, not one of whom would have condescended to accept his services as footman!

When Anne Hatton, however, came from the fresh meadows of Evesham, with all the fragrance and brightness of the country about her fair young face, Monsieur Adolphe made the discovery that beauty and elegance belonged to no peculiar set of the *haut-ton*. There was a sense of fitness and propriety about Anne that made every thing she did exactly what it ought to be: her liveliness was tempered by that same tact, and full of gayety and gladness as she was, her every movement and gesture was that of an aristocrat of nature. Adolphe first wondered at her—for she was a solecism in

his creed of fashion—then he admired her, then he loved her. He began to arrange mentally a charming project, that his mother should promote the skilful apprentice to be forewoman, and afterwards receive her into partnership as his wife. Having been a spoiled child, he made no doubt of his parent's consent, and with all the precipitancy of selfishness, told Anne his passion and his intentions.

Anne, who was a simple-minded, modest girl, was perfectly overpowered by the generosity of this offer ; and, dazzled by his fine person and honeyed words, thought she could never love him sufficiently. His vanity was fully gratified by her unbounded and artless adoration ; but he was prudent enough to enjoin her to keep his projects secret for the present, until Anne had displayed so much genius in her art as to give color of propriety to his proposition for her advancement in dignity. Anne was well pleased to let matters continue in their agreeable state, and all went on smoothly till the end of February : then Anne heard that her poor old mother was seriously ill, and desired the presence of her only child. Anne asked leave of absence from Madame Sarbaine : it was promised

for the ensuing week, provided no obstacle rose to prevent her being spared.

Alas! the first drawing-room was fixed unusually early in the season, and the dressmakers were overwhelmed with sudden and peremptory orders. Anne must go from house to house, trying and fitting on rich robes for the lovely *debutantes*—no respite for her! The weather was very cold, with a bitter east wind: Anne caught a cold, which progressed into a cough: her mind was in a most unhappy state: the accounts from her mother grew worse and worse. Often, when she came home at night, she thought of running away by stealth; but she was a timid girl, and the long journey, the crowds at the railway, and the difficulty of escaping from Madame Sarbaine's establishment, made her put off the deed until it was too late. The day before the drawing-room she had been at the house of a young Countess, altering the trimmings of her satin train, which the lady had ordered should be done under her own eye. The Countess had been very cross, and found fault with all her exertions: not a flower or a ribbon was where she wanted it, and the whole day was spent in trying to satisfy her caprices.

At last the difficulties were all overcome by the patient fingers of the young *artiste*: the drapery fell most gracefully. The Countess tried it on, and eyed herself, full of complacency, in the cheval glass. Even the fastidious soubrette declared "*Que mademoiselle avait un goût vraiment Parisien*;" and Anne, weary and dispirited, plodded her way home. Adolphe did not open the door as usual; one of the girls did, and said, with a rather significant gesture, that Madame wished to speak with her in the parlor.

"Any letters for me, Miss Niblett?" gasped poor Anne.

"Yes—no—it was not for you—for Madame; she'll tell you."

A foreboding chill struck Anne's heart; she grew pale as death, and rather staggered than walked into the parlor and the presence of Madame Sarbaine. That lady sat very stiffly in her chair, very gravely eyeing the poor girl: her expression was of mingled pity and indignation. She was sorry for Anne's bereavement; but she had discovered her son's attachment, and was furiously enraged at the presumptuous apprentice. She began in a curiously undecided tone: "I am sorry to tell

you Miss Hatton, that your mother is dead, poor woman ! There is the letter ; you can read the particulars. And now, had it been at any other time, I should have been seriously displeased ; I don't know how I should have punished you—an impertinent upstart to make love to my son ! I daresay you thought you had it all your own way, Miss ! Prettily you forgot *your* station and *mine* ! But I don't mean to scold you now ; you have trouble of your own ; though I must say it looks very like a judgment on your audacity ! Now go away, and let me hear no more of it. You must see that no young person who is so destitute of propriety, so forward and presuming as you have been, can be fit to remain in my establishment. You can depart on Saturday, when all the dresses are finished and sent home. I don't wish to be severe ; I see you are in trouble.”

She might have expatiated for ever ; Anne heard nothing but that her mother was dead ; the bursting of her love's day-dream was unheeded at the moment. She moved mechanically from the room, and went to the work-room ; the girls started forward at her entrance. “ Oh, Miss Hatton ! ” cried one, “ show me how to put on this ruche.”

"Oh, Miss Hatton!" cried another, "should these flower-stalks lie upward or downward?"

"But, good gracious!" exclaimed two or three together, "how ill she looks! Is her mother really dead?"

"Dead!" screamed Anne, at that word, and she burst into hysterical laughing, that presently put the whole room into confusion. Before night Anne was in a delirious fever, and in her wild ravings mingling the name of Adolphe with her calls for her dead mother. For some days she lay in great danger, but her youth triumphed for the time, and she recovered.

Alas, for man's constancy! Adolphe had had a good rating from his mother for his folly, in caring for a designing chit like *that* Anne Hatton! and after he had relieved himself by a burst of passion, and a defiance of his mamma, his disinterested affection died a natural death! His fickleness was caught by the beauty of the season, a high-born *fiancée*, who came very frequently to arrange about her wedding paraphernalia. When Anne Hatton returned after her illness to get her trunk, her bloodless face and sunken eyes impressed him with horror instead of love. She had lost the

beauty which had won his light vows, and the selfish man saw no charm in her patient and uncomplaining sorrow. So have all Anne's early hopes been cut off in the bud : she is returning to the home of childhood with a sad heart, and there is none to welcome her as of old. To-day she comes for her little savings, to defray the expenses of her journey to Evesham. Her eyes fill as she looks round the place. Last time she came here, it was to draw out a sovereign to buy a new gown, to go with Adolphe to the play. *Then*, all was brightness ; *now*, the very faces of the fat-checked boys, who copy all the entries into the ledgers, seem altered to her ; the clerks look grim ; the atmosphere is hot and sickening. She draws down her black veil, and with unsteady step hurries out to the sunny, noisy street. To-morrow she will be among the quiet fields : can they restore to her her young gladness, so soon departed ? Can she live upon the memory of past happiness ? As she sits, vainly striving to earn a scanty livelihood, by making Sunday gowns for the farmers' wives and daughters, will not the gaudy splendors of London come back on her ? The luxurious residences of the nobility—the fair, languid features of those

stately damsels, whose forms she has so often robed—the glitter of the streets, the thunder of the equipages, the Sunday lounges with Adolphe in the park—will not these uneasy memories fling a feverish excitement into the monotony of her existence, and poison her dearly-purchased tranquillity?

But we have forgotten our own business, and the clerk is calling on us most impatiently. “Really, we can’t wait longer: office shuts at two: it only wants eight minutes!”

And their *dinners*—the pork pies, the mutton chops—we are keeping the poor hungry creatures from one great pleasure of their humdrum lives. We present ourselves at the desk, sign the receipt, pocket the cash, and shuffle out along the dark passage. In our rear we hear a confused slamming down of desk-lids, fluttering of papers, pushing back of wooden stools, and gabbling of many tongues; and, in a few seconds, clerks, cashier, and ledger-copying boys tumble pell-mell out of the office, and seizing sundry shapeless articles of head-gear, dive down the neighboring streets in search of their long-anticipated repast.

The savings’ bank is shut for the day, and we are fain to take refuge in a confectioner’s shop and

bury ourselves and our experiences in a brimming glass of raspberry ice—"Another, if you please." How delicious the fragrance of those strawberries! Those early peaches and hothouse grapes would soon squander all the savings we have seen this day withdrawn; but oh, how charming a sniff of that bouquet, after the sultry steaming we have undergone in our Peep into the Office of a Savings' Bank!

MIGNONETTE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Your qualities surpass your charms."

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

I NEVER pass the Mignonette with cold, averted
eyes,
Because it doth not boast the gift of rich and vivid
dyes;
Though like a frail and lowly weed to some it seem
to be,
The "qualities" that dwell in it are more than
"charms" to me.
How eagerly the longing sense its kindly odor
greet!s!
How the soft breezes far and near are laden with its
sweets!
The bloom of bright and beauteous flowers I never
can regret,
When I breathe the welcome fragrance of the pleasant
Mignonette.

Yes, well I love the Mignonette—it doth not only
yield
Its incense to the trim parterre, or fresh and sunny
field;
But in the dull recesses of the city's murky gloom
It sheds its balmy breath throughout the dim and
narrow room:
The weary seamstress thinks upon the gay and
happy hours
When she wandered on the verdant hills to gather
springing flowers,
The country's sweet and genial scents she need not
quite forget,
While solaced by the fragrance of the cherished
Mignonette.

Yet most I love the Mignonette because it brings to
mind
Some whom I hold in dear esteem—true, generous,
And kind,
Who as benignant ministers of active good appear,
Bestowing ready charities on all within their
sphere:
Perchance they boast not outward grace to win the
dazzled eye,
But well their inward “qualities” the lack of
“charms” supply;
Often in walks and ways like these are England's
daughters met,
Diffusive in their bounties as the lavish Mignonette.

Short and delusive is the reign of loveliness and
bloom:
Give me the gentle spirit that can glad the quiet
home;
Nor centres in one spot alone, but willingly extends
Its prompt unsparing services to neighbors and to
friends,
Casting its scattered fragrance upon scenes of distant
strife,
Imparting cheerful comfort to the daily paths of
life,
Working perpetual deeds of love with zeal un-
wearied yet,
And dear to all who greet it as the welcome
Mignonette!

AUTUMN'S LAST FLOWERS.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

AUTUMN'S Last Flowers are falling one by one—
Those sickly children of the fading year,
With scanty retinue of leaflets sere,
And, though companion'd, seeming each one lone :
The gracious Summer-time its part hath done ;
A slanting sun-ray struggles feebly near,
Too chill to kiss from them the frosty tear,
That shines as jewels have on death-brows shone.
Poor scentless blossoms—waking pity's sighs,
But unbeloved of bee or bird, or bright
Wing'd revellers, gay-coated butterflies !
The Heart has emblems, in its dreary night,
Of these pale flowers: like life-in-death they rise,
The faint-hued shadows of bright memories !





AN EVENING WALK.

THE sun has almost reached his western gate,
And purple clouds are circling near his orb,
Lit by the glory of his farewell smile.
The toil-worn, heated harvesters still heap
The wagon with the wealthy grain, and store
The great-doored barn. How many lives depend
Upon the labor of these hard-armed men,
Who, with a bee-like industry, now hive
The yellow food! The happy lord of all
These teeming fields—a pride upon his brow—
Now, with his blooming daughters, walks among
The harvesters, and scatters here and there
The words of pleasure and direction. Smiles
And rough salutes are giv'n—for the landlord
Hath kindness, and sees that those who weary
At his work waste not their labor for nought;
And when the sun's last train of golden hours
Fade out behind the hills, he sees them quit
As cheerily as if he shar'd their toil.
God bless the kindly landlord—he who gives

To laborers their due, and with power
Hath a will to use it for noble ends!—
A father where he might a master be!
May all his days be as the harvest bright,
And his last hours mild and gentle glide,
Like these of evening into star-lit night!

HIS ONLY AMBITION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF AUGUSTE LACROIE.

BY ELIZABETH O'HARA.

THERE lived some years ago in a petty village in Auvergne, one of the poorest of priests who had ever served among the valleys of Cevennes. His little hut would have created no envy in the lowest laborer employed in searching for antimony in the cavities of those mountains. Leaning against its small gray church, surmounted by an iron cross, it looked more like the cell of a lonely hermit, or one of those refuges against the storm which charity has erected on these craggy roads, than a human dwelling. But from the platform on which it stood one could command the fertile plains of Simagne, bordered by the silver waters of the Allier. Behind the church on the moun-

tain side, a few scattered cabins arose, resembling a caravan climbing up the rocky way ; and on this side the eye ran from cliff to cliff, all along the chain, comprising the Puy-de-Dôme, the Plomb du Cantab, and the Mont-d'Or.

Such was the dreary desert that the Curé of ——— had inhabited for more than ten years. [Our readers will easily understand the scruples which prevent our giving the name of his village, or altering the least details of this simple story by a fictitious one.] He was an active old man of about sixty, with a kind and benevolent countenance. The simplicity of his character had not injured his high talent, nor had the austerity of his own life diminished his indulgence towards others. His faith was lively, and his zeal for his congregation had no bounds but those nature had laid on his physical strength. Charity enabled him to perform miracles. Neither the most rigorous cold of winter, its heavy snows, the fathomless mountain ravines, or the gloomiest night, could prevent his accomplishing his apostolic duties. And all was done cheerfully, without the least feeling of vanity, with that simple manner which dissipated all ideas of sacrifice,

One summer evening about eight o'clock, the Curé having read his daily portion in his breviary, was silently seated by a window which looked towards the village. The weather had been stormy, and the old priest, who had just returned from a long pilgrimage, was tranquilly inhaling the refreshing night airs, while Marguerite, his house-keeper, was putting aside the wooden platters, on which she had served her master's supper. Besides the dresser, there was a table, a chess-board, and a box of dominoes, with which the Curé and his old servant beguiled the long winter evenings. Opposite to it stood an oak chest; and near a small door—the most remarkable piece of furniture, though patriarchal in its primitive roughness—the priest's seat. An ivory crucifix, a present from a wealthy penitent, rose over an ebony *prie dieu*. In an angle formed by the heavy chimney, a clock lifted its dial above its roughly-painted case, and a few chairs of the commonest work completed the furniture. As to the door by the bedside, that led to Marguerite's room, which was even more unfurnished than her master's. Marguerite, a respectable important-looking personage, but short and fat, and long past the canonical age, was the true sov-

creign of these dominions. The legitimate master had long abdicated in her favor, and, save some slight abuses of power, some gentle scoldings, her government was most useful to their common interests, and suited the Curé's carelessness in worldly matters, especially in any concerning his interests. His indifference in this respect was a text for Marguerite's unorthodox sermons, and a cause of sad forewarnings, in which the eternal *I* was not always forgotten.

The day of which we speak had been of that oppressive sort, in which frowns gathered on the old woman's brow in proportion to the clouds hovering above the mountain; and her hasty movements betrayed a sort of irritability, which wanted but slight provocation to betray itself. The Curé, on the contrary, seemed as calm as ever; but a keen observer might have discovered a certain triumphant look, scarce in accordance with his usual modesty; and when his eye glanced on Marguerite, it had a malicious twinkle quite opposed to his daily precepts of Christian charity and humility.

Night, however, drew in; the heavens were dark, the moon only showing itself at long intervals, and the wind played dolefully among the branches of

two lofty chestnuts, which shaded the cottage door.

"After all your walking to-day, bed would be much better for you than sitting in that draught," Marguerite suddenly remarked in a tone of maternal authority. "The wind from the plains is not healthy; a storm is not far off; if you will sit up, you ought at least to shut the window."

"But I am not tired, Marguerite. As to the unhealthy night air, you are right, and I obey you; although," he added aside as he shut the window, "the storm most to be dreaded at present is in, not out of the house."

Marguerite did not, or would not, hear him, and he reseated himself.

"What has vexed you to-day?" he continued, "I am sure I have done nothing—you are wrong to be angry with me."

The storm at length burst. "Wrong am I?" she cried in indignation—"wrong? I ought to be quite satisfied with you—to go roaming about the whole day, without eating or drinking, at your age! Very praiseworthy, certainly; but we shall see the end of it, and say I told you so."

At this moment a flash of lightning lit up the room.

The Curé and his housekeeper signed themselves; and she lit a small lamp in the chimney corner.

"Peace, peace," he timidly replied, "our ministry has painful duties."

"Good heaven! there you go again with your duties! but you yourself say that the Church does not require one to kill oneself, body and soul, in its service. If it brought you any thing beyond blessings! But see the state in which it has placed you! Look around you! Look at all you possess! Here are the fruits of thirty years' hard work! You have never fifty francs in your purse!"

"But who can tell?" murmured the Curé, "Providence is good—we should never despair."

"You are right; for if Providence does not interfere, I do not see where we are to find a crust for our old age, since you can keep nothing of what you gain now. Look at yourself, if you please. Is there a poorer man in your parish than you are? Where are the fine promises you made me at Easter? Here is the Assumption coming, and what are we to do? What have you made by all your walks to-day? Nothing."

"Ah, ah," said the Priest, mysteriously.

"Well, then, some poor silver pieces—how will you buy a surplice out of them?"

Marguerite was interrupted by a violent clap of thunder, which shook the house, while the lightning traced its fiery course along the mountain's side. The old woman seized a blessed branch, which she dipped in the holy water suspended by the wall, and began to shower the sacred drops about, while the Curé recited a fervent prayer. The rain now poured down in torrents, and he tranquilly continued—

“Marguerite, you must look out for a tailor who can make a surplice properly and quickly, for your master.”

“What?” she said, fancying she had misunderstood him. “What are you saying?”

“That you have forgotten that the 25th of July will soon be here.”

“Well!”

“Well! I called to-day on Madame la Laconne Dubief, who wishes to have ten perpetual masses for her husband's soul; and she begged my acceptance of these two hundred francs in recompense.”

As he spoke, he drew out a well-filled purse, and Marguerite stretched forth her hand to take it, as if to convince herself that she was not dream-

ing, when the Curé, uttering a loud cry, suddenly rose. A strong red light was reflected on the mountain's side; he ran to the door—the flames were bursting from the roof of a house in the middle of the village. "Fire! fire!" he cried. "Marguerite, make haste! run—ring the church bell to give the alarm."

She hastened to an inner door which led to the belfry, and the Curé, catching up his hat and cane, hurried to the place of ruin.

The next day all was over; one house only, the poorest of all, had perished; but the Curé had lost the greater portion of his gown in the flames.

"Fortunately," said Marguerite, as she finished stitching on a piece whose color did not match particularly well with the rest of the cloth, "fortunately, thanks to Madame la Baronne's generosity, the evil is not without a remedy."

"Alas! my good Marguerite," her master answered, scratching his ear like a schoolboy caught out in some trick, "it is very different with the misfortunes of those poor people down there."

"Well, you can preach a sermon, and make a collection for them—some one will help them, for certain."

"We must hope so. But ought we not to set the example, Marguerite?"

"There you are again, with your ridiculous ideas—your false views. Every one should help his neighbor according to his means—the rich with money; priests with their exhortations. Remember that you have hardly enough for bare necessities."

"Remember that they have nothing."

"But you must have a new gown."

"They have neither bread nor clothes."

"Good patience!" exclaimed the housekeeper, suddenly struck with a new light. "*Dieu de ciel!* What have you done with the money you showed me yesterday?"

"Marguerite," he answered, in some confusion, "you need not order my gown yet—I will make this hold till Christmas."

He had voluntarily relinquished the means of making this purchase; but self-denying as he was, and willing to sacrifice his own dignity to another's wants, we must not suppose him insensible to the necessity of proper appearances. He was not one of those who condemn every concession to the prejudices of society; and still less was he one of

those vain-glorious apostles who pride themselves on their ragged garments. He felt his poverty, but bore it bravely; and was always ready to renounce his most legitimate wishes in favor of another's wants; and thus, during ten years, he had not been enabled, with all his privations, to amass the small sum necessary to the accomplishment of his greatest ambition—a new gown. By dint of thinking of it, and, thanks above all to Marguerite's constant dunning on the subject, the wish had acquired the tenacity of a fixed idea; and certainly, to judge by the deplorable appearance of the old surplice, there was nothing unreasonable in his desire. One could only, on seeing it, deplore the evil destiny which constantly withdrew the long coveted object at the very moment when its attainment seemed most secure. Years had rolled on, holydays had succeeded each other, and still the poor Curé repeated with indefatigable perseverance—

“I will buy it next year—at Easter—at Whitsuntide—at the Assumption—at Christmas.”

Ten times he had gone round the fatal circle; the seasons were renewed—the holydays returned, with pitiless regularity, leaving each time a more

perceptible trace of their passage on the folds of the unfortunate gown.

With the next spring an unexpected event renewed the Curé's anxiety—a pastoral visit from the Bishop was suddenly announced in his diocese. This news at first threw him into that sort of stupor which arises from imminent danger; he had a vertigo, as if the earth were trembling beneath his steps—then a feverish anxiety and supernatural activity succeeded to this prostration of mind. He went and came, was every where, doing a hundred things at the same moment; he talked alone and aloud, using all the means by which cowards seek to shun their fears; but all efforts had one miserable result—he was obliged definitively to renounce all hopes of honorable escape. He saw himself appearing shabby, mean, and *seedy*-looking—like a man of dissolute life, before his ecclesiastical superior; when Providence came once more to his succor, in the person of a charitable widow, to whom Marguerite had confided his troubles. No time was to be lost—a tailor was sent for from a neighboring village. The man was poor, and they not only gave him the cloth but paid him beforehand for his work. On

returning homewards, the tailor, who liked a drop, stopped at a little inn, where wine, the poor man's consolation—so bewildered him that he forgot the distinction between *meum* and *teum*. The Curé supported this new stroke with the lethargic insensibility of one who has no longer strength to suffer. They caught the thief; but the priest would not prosecute him—saying to himself that one misfortune could not repair another, and alleging to the world that the money squandered by the tailor was a gift, not a theft.

Marguerite, then, thought her master had gone mad.

The redoubtable day arrived, and the chimes of many bells told of the Bishop's presence. The Curé, accompanied by his Sacristan and two choristers, went to receive his lordship at the entrance of the village; and the local authorities, in full costume, bore the canopy under which he would walk to the church. The Curé, proud and happy in the dazzlingly white robes which covered his gown, firmly advanced at the head of his little escort, and the procession proceeded along the gayly decked street to the church. Mass was performed, and then he paid his respects to the prelate.

His lordship was seated between his two chaplains, who stood by him in a respectful attitude, and the first persons of the village. He was a very handsome man, about forty years old; his manners were highly polished; his birth and countenance were alike noble, and he expressed himself with the grace and fluency of one accustomed to speak in courts. The old priest felt abashed the moment he doffed his convenient white robes; and the young prelate frowned when he saw the poverty-stricken gown of the venerable Curé, who trembled like a criminal before his judge.

"Is your parish then so very poor, sir?" asked the Bishop, "your income so parsimonious, that you cannot afford that care of your person necessary to your sacerdotal dignity?"

"If your lordship would excuse —"

"We are far, sir," the prelate gravely continued, "from those happy times when the Church, honored in herself, needed no other ornaments than the virtues of her servants. Priests now are neither martyrs nor apostles; they are men of the world who re-animate the cause of religion by rendering it respectable and agreeable. To act other-

wise, Monsieur le Curé, is to show an unskilfulness or false pride which are equally blamable."

"Monseigneur, my poverty alone is in fault, I assure you—" He stopped short; even in self-justification he could not palliate the truth.

"I know all. I know that your improvidence and indiscriminating charity compromise the necessary standing of a minister of the church, and I loudly blame your conduct. Go, sir, and remember, that in sacrificing what we owe to ourselves, we risk failing in the respect we owe to others."

As soon as the Curé was gone, the Bishop turned to those around him and said, with a smile, "The lesson was rude, but it was necessary: I think our good Curé will be cured for some time of his excessive liberality. At all events, Monsieur l'Abbe," he added, addressing himself to one of his chaplains, "take care that you quietly send a new gown to my worthy penitent, with three hundred francs for his poor parishioners."

Before returning to his house, the Curé, who had been painfully affected by this scene, prayed long in the church—a cold chill struck on him—and on leaving he was ill and feverish. Marguerite scold-

ed less roughly than usual, and obliged him to go to bed.

A few days afterwards a doctor stood mournfully by that humble pallet. Marguerite was sobbing in her apron. A stranger entered; on one arm he bore a gown of the finest black; in the other hand he held a heavy purse. "From Monseigneur," he said.

The sick man smiled sadly. "Thank his lordship, I beg—in the name of my successor—and recommend to his kindness an ardent preacher, to whom I listened too little."

He pointed to the weeping Marguerite.

"Just Heaven!" he added in a lower tone; "I have doubtless been ambitious, but since it is so difficult to gain a new gown in this world, grant, I implore, that the poor may be less numerous—and housekeepers more tractable."

These were his last words.

THE BELLS OF LORLOCHES.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

I.

SPAKE the Lady of Lorloches,
“Now I know by many a token,
Loosened is the silver cord,
 Soon will the golden bowl be broken;
By the vessel and the wheel,
 Failing, whence my being drew
Draughts from life’s clear well, I feel
 Its waters soon will fail me too;
Singing o’er my spirit, full
 Of loving voices, rose their flow;
Now with deadened sound, and dull,
 Comes that music, and I know,
God would call me—so hath set
 Silence ’twixt my soul and Him;
On His face I look not yet,
 But other looks have grown so dim,

That I feel how tenderly
He hath drawn a curtain deep,
Shutting out the evening sky,
And darkening all before I sleep;
Hushing me upon His breast,
Ere He takes me unto rest.

II.

“By the ancient minster’s door
Bury me: Heaven’s lofty gate
Still it seemed to me of yore,
Near it I would patient wait.
Bare the trodden ground: yet sweet—
Sweeter sound than wind-swept grass,
Make my children’s-children’s feet
Rustling o’er me as they pass;
And for flowers, a rainbow stain
Will be on me as I lie;
Angels flushing all the pane,
O’er me, like a rose-dawn sky.
Raise no stone, the spot to grace,
Where my dust returns to dust,
One above hath marked the place—
Leave it there in lowly-trust;
Trace no praiseful words to tell
Of my life, for one above
Keeps a truer chronicle—
I would leave it to His love—
Praised enough if *there* forgiven,
Pardon is the praise of Heaven!”

III.

Sighed the Lady of Lorloches,
Sighed, and reverent spake, "In Heaven
Love is ever unforgot,
Though it have but little given;
God will not forget me; yet
They that I have loved so long,
They on earth will soon forget—
I would shield them from this wrong.
From this castle, looking down
On it, all a happy life
I have loved this ancient town,
Joyful maid, and blessed wife;
Loved it, like the river winding
Round and round it, loth to go;
Loved it, like the old wall, binding,
As one jewel, high and low
In its massive ring of stone;
So I loved it, power and will;
Something I would leave, when gone,
Saying that I love it still.
In the tower'd minster, high,
Set when I am gone sweet bells,
Clear as voices of the sky
Met in welcomes and farewells:
Strike them full, that passers there,
Startled, may look up and greet,
Clashing in the upper air
Silver sound of angels' feet:

Strike them joyful up and down
With the dawn. Ere yet the burst
Of Earth's din awake the town,
Let Heaven give its message first!

IV.

"Ring them out at early morn;
Watchers, weepers through the night
Hearing, will feel less forlorn,
Comfort coming with the light;
Pale mechanics, up and bending
O'er their work, at dawning gray:
Mothers for their children sending
Anxious thoughts adown the day;
All that unto toil awaking
With the morning, listening there,
Learn that high above them breaking,
Spreads a dawn that brings not care;
And the swarth smith, 'mid the clamor
Of his deafening task, will hear
'Twixt the heavy-sounding hammer
And the anvil—voices clear—
Strike and teach him in their falling,
How an iron tongue may grow
Silver-sweet, when it is calling
From the heavens to man below!
Ring them out at twilight's fall,
That the happy children playing
Lovers 'neath the chestnuts tall,
Hand-in-hand together straying.

Hear them like a mother's call
 'Homewards, homewards,' still repeating,
Soft and sweet and solemn fall
 On the hearts so fondly beating;
Love and joy have need of rest;
 Unto you, sweet bells, 'tis given
Now to better all earth's best,
 Mingling it with peace of Heaven!"

V.

Then the Lady paused; her eyes
 Swam in gentle tears repress:—
"Other burden on you lies,
 Than such blessing of the blest;
Ye must change, earth's change to show;
 Silver-tongued of joy to tell;
Iron-tongued to tell of woe,
 Knocking on the heart joy's knell:
Sullen, single, as if care
 Stood at one and owned not time;
Yet a meaning will be there,
 Deeper than in all the chime:"
Then the Lady smiled: "How sweet
 Will it strike upon the air,
When it tells that infant feet
 Lightly climb the heavenly stair;
Like my Maud and Margery,
 Gathered with the dew upon them,
Sweet buds opening on high,
 In a clearer light to sun them:

Freed from Baptism of tears,
Freed from Baptism of fire,
(These are for the after years—
These for mother and for sire—)
Following so close and swift,
Ere the earth-mists round them fell
ONE with mighty arm uplift,
They have storm'd Heaven's citadel:
Won the gain without the loss,
Crown and Palm without the strife
Or the bearing of the Cross,
Passing swift from Death to Life,

VI.

“Purchased blessings to inherit.”
O'er these words she lingered fain;
Fain upon her fainting spirit,
All their sweetness to retain,
For her trembling lips ne'er uttered
Word articulate again;
Though the stillness of each feature,
Like the Prophet's, seem'd to shine;
Earthly impress of the Creature,
Merged in nearing the Divine,
Till with sinless infancy,
Passing by the self-same Way,
Went her time-tried Spirit, free,
Pure and whitened e'en as they!
And within the minster hoary,
Sweet bells, from the olden time,

Bring that gentle Lady's story,
On the music of their chime;
Floating mirthful, tolling single,
O'er the crowded city's strife,
With its weal and woe they mingle,
As her love was wont in life;
And the breeze of April shakes them,
Light as showers on early corn,
And the morn of summer takes them
Soft upon its stillness borne;
O'er the narrow streets, and singing,
O'er the sunny market, free,
Pass they, on its fulness flinging
Down a Benedicite;
And when in the sunset splendor,
Lifted high above the town,
Like an ancient strong defender,
Smiling on his vassals down,
Rises the old minster, soaring,
Dazzling clear, against the sky,
Like a spirit, rapt, adoring,
Caught up heavenwards suddenly:
And, as flung from giant's quiver,
Thousand arrows flash in light
From the windows, and the river
Curls in ripples golden-bright,
Then upon the molten glory—
Flood of sunlight, flood of song—
Send forth those sweet bells their story,
Clear and eloquent, and strong;

O'er the river's three fair bridges,
Down the sloping orchard rows,
Round old mounds and grassy ridges,
Borne on every wind that blows;
Till their wild and breezy languor,
Ever softening, less and less,
Dies on distance, like fond anger,
Fading into tenderness:
And the ancient burgher meets them,
Pleased to linger on their swell;
And the home-bound peasant greets them,
"Rest her soul that loved us well."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD! The words have a household sound, fraught with pleasant memories of the fire-side corner, the window-seat, and the yet more congenial out-of-door reading—when the quivering shadows of our leafy shelter danced upon her page, and the soft breeze played lazily with the leaves we were turning. Old and young, rich and poor—all those acquainted with the history of English Literature, and cognizant of the obligations of the English people to it, must remember that to Miss Mitford belongs the rare merit of writing naturally, healthily, truthfully, at a period when false sentiment, unreal incidents, and exaggerations of character, were the predominant ingredients of the ordinary novel or story; when with the exception of one or two great names—Edgeworth and Scott for instance—novel-

ists depicted humanity as if—one might fancy—from the theatrical representations of life; its fashion from the so-called “genteel,” but in reality excessively vulgar and coarse comedy; its rurality from pasteboard scenery and a tinsel moon; its tragedy from the rant and ravings of mock heroics. Why those old-fashioned five-volume marble-cover novels of forty years ago actually smell of the foot-lamps; and foot-lamps in the days when Shakspeare was degraded by “happy endings,” and as much of the divinity removed from even his masterpieces as it was possible for self-confident stupidity to exclude.

Just think, kind reader, what the production of “Our Village” must have been succeeding Minerva-Press trash, and marble-covered monstrosities! For, unless the reminiscences of elderly ladies are at fault, such volumes used to be read by stealth, pushed under sofa cushions, and into table drawers (one of the uses perhaps of that obsolete convenience) as if there were a shame in story reading. Surely Miss Mitford’s tales must have burst upon the public like a gleam of sunshine after clouds and darkness; like newly-mown hay, or roses with the dew on them, flung by some beneficent fairy

into a smoke-begrimed haunt—like any pure, fresh, beautiful thing you choose to imagine alighting upon the dismal places of falsehood and artificiality. Every body knows these stories, or if there should be any youthful reader who says “their rage was before my time,” and “they are not in our library,” I beseech them to rectify the omission at the first opportunity, and make quick acquaintance with volumes that include the most choice examples of simple natural pathos, not unallied to genial humor, which the English language can boast. Miss Mitford has been called the “Gainsborough” of writers, and they who know the peculiar merits of that thoroughly English painter will perceive the applicability of the epithet.

But the author of “Our Village” and of “Belford Regis” has proved herself equal to the highest order of dramatic writing. Her tragedies of *Rienzi*, *Julien*, and *Foscari*, show the true poet, are full of powerful and yet subtle delineations of character, and are exemplars of artistic construction. If their production on the stage be any test of their merit, it is to be remembered that they were performed some years ago—great actors, Macready, Young, and Charles Kemble, appearing in them—

with the most complete success. Englishwomen may indeed be proud to rank Miss Mitford of their "order." And this not only on account of her genius—for there are higher qualities of humanity than the most commanding talents—but because her whole life has been like a beautiful poem exemplifying what Woman can and should be. Living in seclusion, filling her existence with the fulfilment of Duties, and the performance of kindly acts and friendly offices, she has shunned notoriety, to find world-wide Fame seeking her out. Drawing towards herself as by a magnetic force the good and great of all lands, her friends and her correspondents comprise some of the noblest natures, and the most truly great men and women both in Europe and America. Something of this fact may be divined from those charming volumes, called the "Recollections of a Literary Life," pages full of graphic descriptions, piquant anecdotes, and fine criticism; and withal containing as much of Miss Mitford's private biography as the world has yet received. Enough to enable the careful reader to fully appreciate the inestimable advantages which surrounded the only child of highly-informed and cultivated parents; and the early associations of

true refinement, and intercourse with intellectual companions. Thus was the rare seed of natural genius fostered and cherished. Miss Mitford calls herself an "old woman"—and is in fact about sixty-five years of age; but those who know her best, can testify how warily her heart still beats, how true it is in friendship, how open and quick to receive all beautiful influences. May she be long—long spared to the wide circle which holds her so dear!

There is a passage in her recollections that we are tempted to extract. Speaking of herself Miss Mitford says—

"In common with many only children, especially where the mother is of a grave and home-loving nature, I learned to read at a very early age. Before I was three years old my father would perch me on the breakfast-table to exhibit my one accomplishment to some admiring guest, who admired all the more, because, a small puny child, looking far younger than I really was, nicely dressed, as only children generally are, and gifted with an affluence of curls, I might have passed for the twin sister of my own great doll. On the table was I perched to read some Foxite newspaper, *Courier*,

or *Morning Chronicle*, the Whiggish oracles of the day, and as my delight in the high-seasoned politics of sixty years ago was naturally less than that of my hearers, this display of precocious acquirement was commonly rewarded, not by cakes or sugar-plums, too plentiful in my case to be very greatly cared for, but by a sort of payment in kind. I read leading articles to please the company; and my dear mother recited the 'Children in the Wood' to please me. This was my reward; and I looked for my favorite ballad after every performance, just as the piping bullfinch that hung in the window looked for his lump of sugar after going through 'God save the King.' The two cases were exactly parallel."

Ay, and most surely the fond mother and doting father dreamed dreams for the future of that blue-eyed, broad-browed little maiden; dreams which Time, that perfects as well as destroys, has amply fulfilled.

Some little time since there appeared a clever anonymous poem called "Verdicts," a production part satire, and part genuine homage to genius—and the author introducing Miss Mitford's name has the following happy lines in allusion to her writings:—

“What across every ocean, to English-sprung eyes
Can so bid the dear life of the old country rise?
Bustling town, lonely hall, leafy lane, quiet farm,
Gorse-flushed heath, ferny park, woodlands bright with
the charm

Of spring or of autumn—the haw-crimsoned thicket,
Primrosed dells, firelit parlors, loud skittles, or cricket,
The red-coated hunt the bright morn sweeping through,
The greyhounds the hare tracking down through the dew,
The keeper’s hushed watch, and the poacher’s dark round,
The step whose quick sound makes the hearer’s heart
bound—

Whether that of the village-belle or the queen
Of the ball where but high county-beauties are seen—
All the life of the farmhouse, the cottage, the hall,
Would the dwellers in cities before his thought call,
In the town she shall raise up the green homes afar,
Through the light of her genius more fair than they are.”

A just tribute this from one who has no mercy for
affectation, and no pity for pretension. If, how-
ever, we were to chronicle the laudations of the
critics on Miss Mitford’s writings, we should quickly
fill a volume.

THE END.





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